

# the Tatler

MARCH 6, 1957  
TWO SHILLINGS

& BYSTANDER

SPRING FASHIONS NUMBER





# DEAUVILLE



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**EASTER TO OCTOBER 1957**

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3 GALAS AT THE AMBASSADEURS

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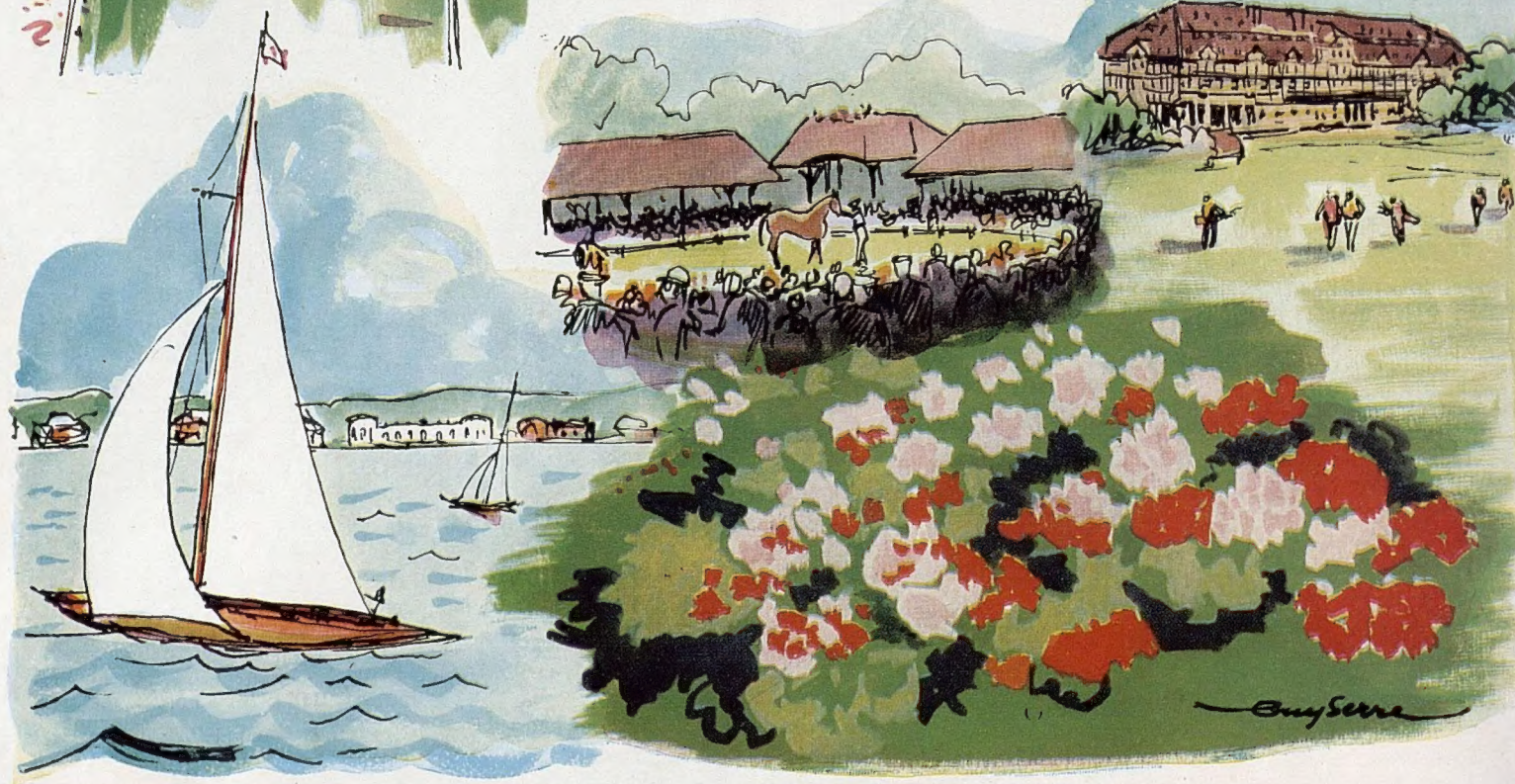
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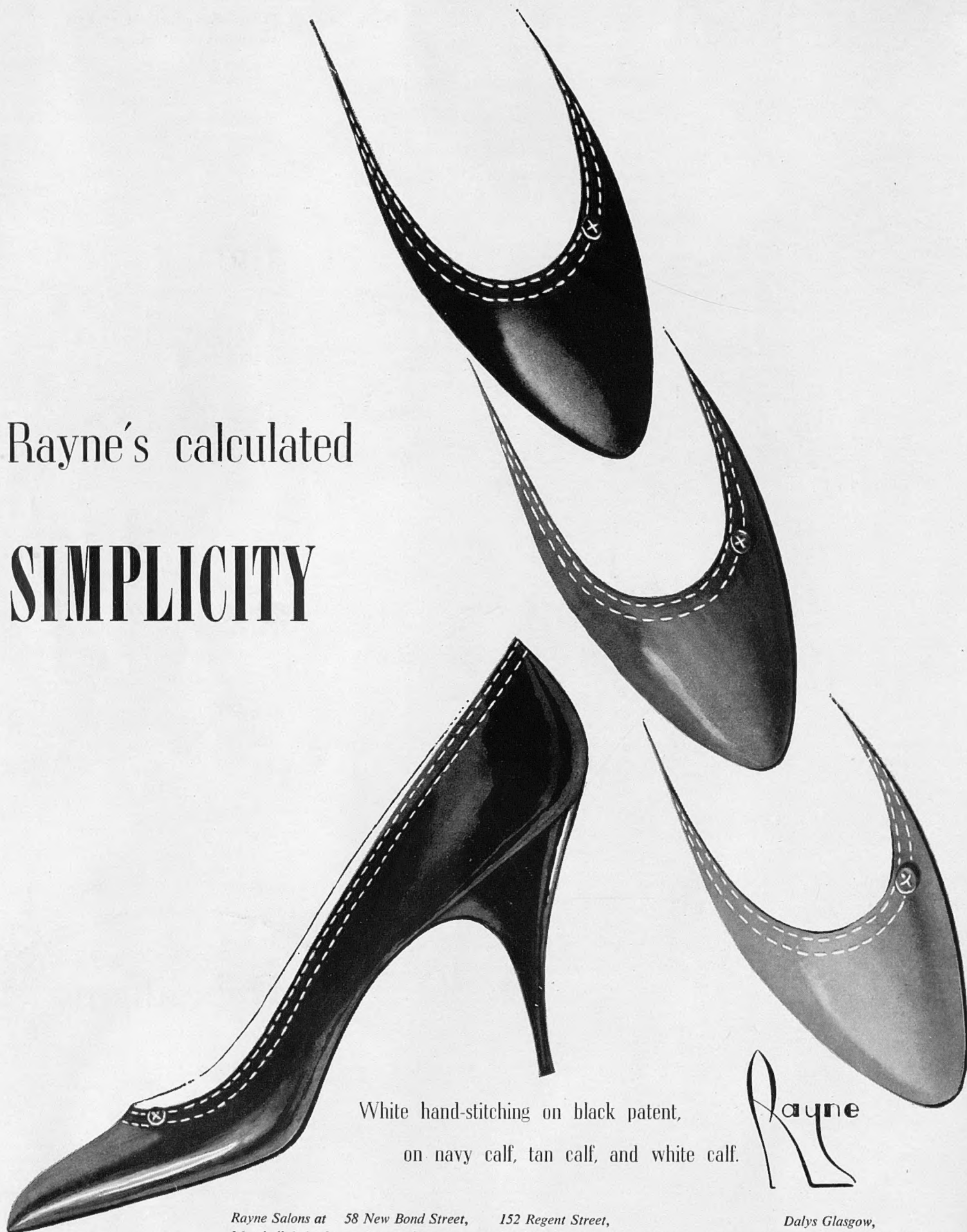




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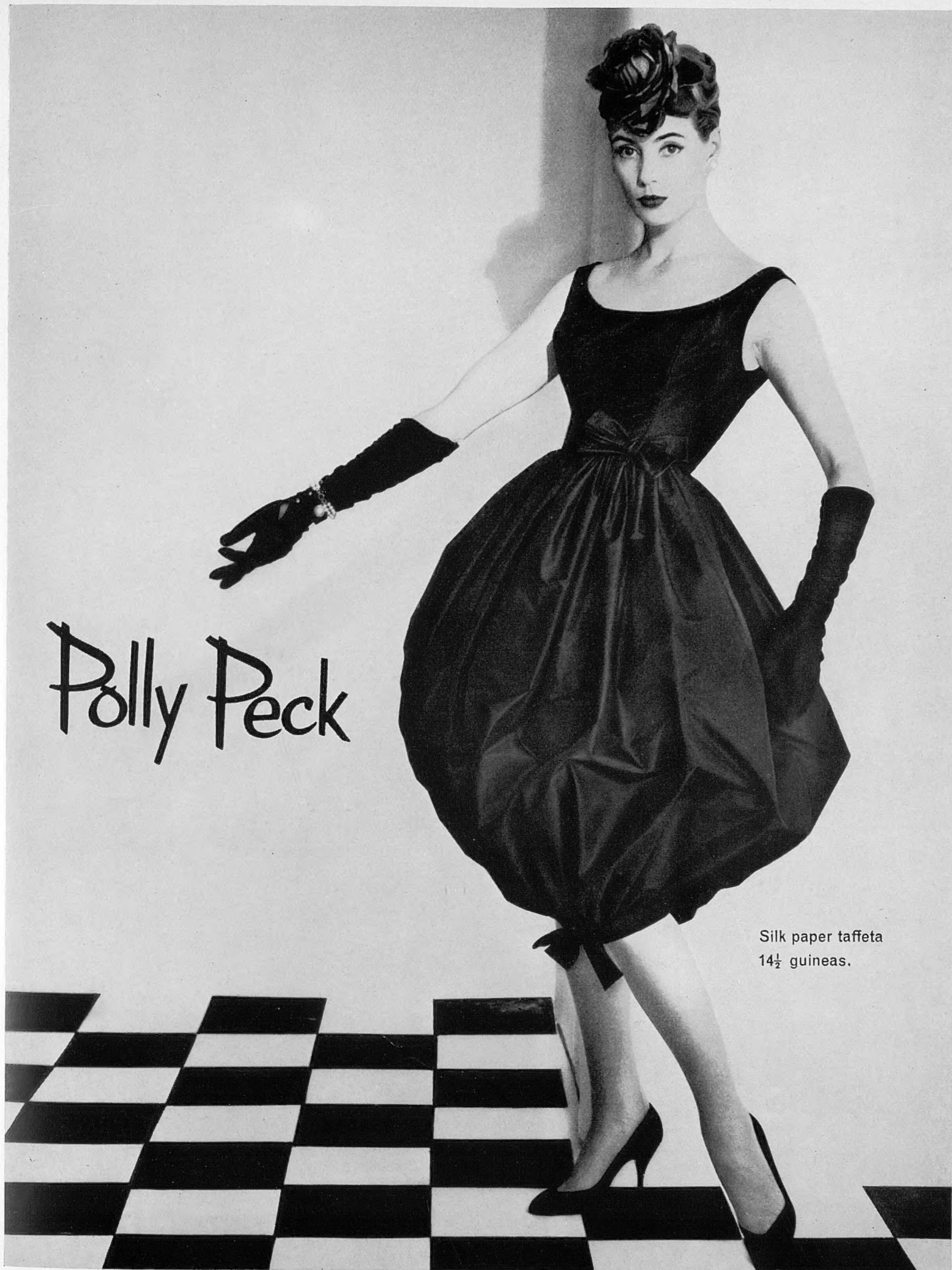
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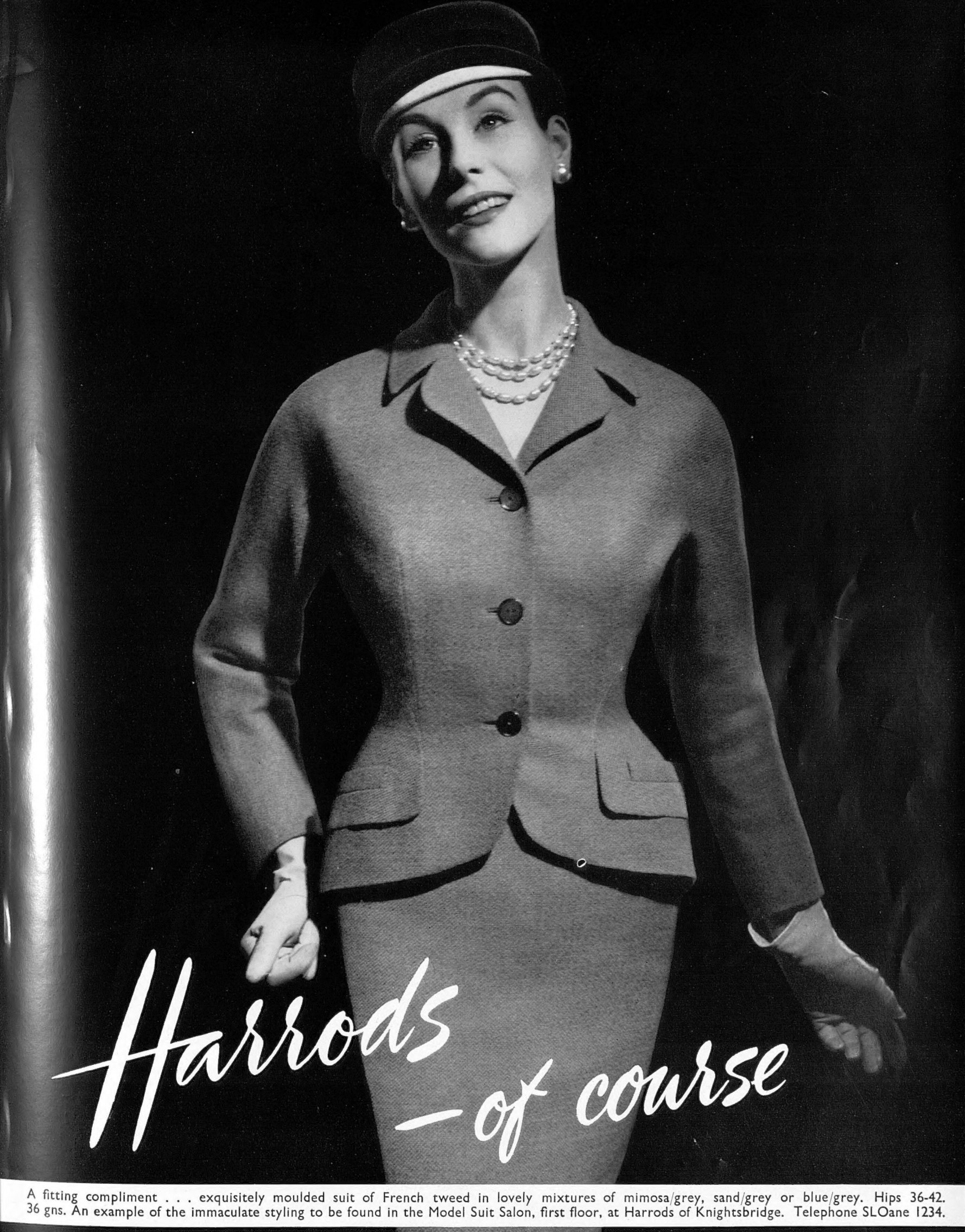
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**16 guineas**



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*M.G. Magnette £693.0.0  
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*1500 c.c. engine developing 68 b.h.p.  
Polished walnut veneer fascia  
panel and interior woodwork.  
Safety glass all round.*

*Also M.G. Magnette Varitone.  
Choice of six two-tone finishes.  
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So easy to wear, yet so perfectly tailored, this classic Spring coat, in bold textured all-wool tweed, is practical for country or town wear. In beautiful heather mixtures, also black/white and navy/white.

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SPRING FASHIONS, a heartlifting thought after winter's gloom, are summed up by the Danish-born artist Tage Werner in the flower-decked cover of The TATLER this week. In these pages you will find a range of delightful clothes to wear this spring and in the coming Season, together with delicious Easter bonnets and those all-important finishing touches, bags, gloves and jewellery

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From March 6 to March 13

**Mar. 6 (Wed.)** Ash Wednesday.

Princess Margaret will visit the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. (Exhibition ends March 30.)

Racing at Ludlow.

**Mar. 7 (Thur.)** Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will attend the sixth annual St. David's National Festival at the Royal Albert Hall.

Ipswich Spring Stallion Show.

Racing at Ludlow.

**Mar. 8 (Fri.)** Heythrop Hunt Ball at Blenheim Palace, Woodstock.

Garth Hunt Ball at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead.

The Cardinals' Ball at Cambridge.

Racing at Haydock Park.

**Mar. 9 (Sat.)** Athletics: English National C.C. Championships, London.

Rugby Football: Wales v. Ireland at Cardiff.

Association Football: Wales v. Scotland (Amateur), Newtown, Montgom.

Hockey: England v. Ireland (Women), at Wembley.

Ice Hockey: England v. Scotland at Southampton.

Head of the Trent Race at Trent Bridge, Nottingham.

Pitt Club Ball, Cambridge.

Racing at Haydock Park, Newbury, Sedgefield and Worcester.

**Mar. 10 (Sun.)** Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will take the salute at a farewell parade of No. 600 (City of London) Squadron, R.Aux.A.F. and No. 2,600 (City of London) Squadron, R.Aux.A.F. Regiment at Finsbury Barracks, and afterwards attend a service at St. Bartholomew the Great.

**Mar. 11 (Mon.)** Racing at Worcester and Southwell.

**Mar. 12 (Tues.)** Prince Philip will attend the annual dinner of the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association at Grosvenor House.

Hereford Herd Book Society Bull Show and Sale, at Hereford.

Cheltenham National Hunt Festival Meeting (three days).

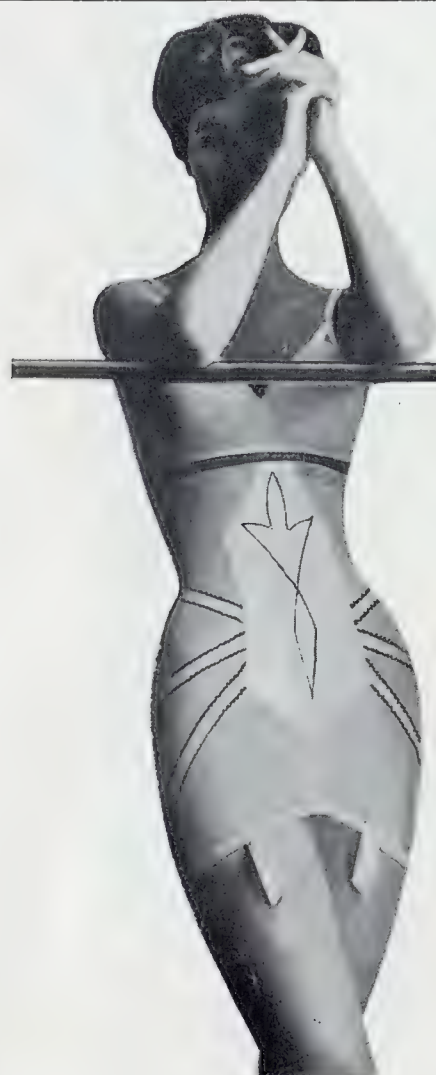
**Mar. 13 (Wed.)** Spring Show and Sale of Dairy Shorthorns (two days), Reading.

Racing at Cheltenham, and Maze, Lisburn.



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Tony Armstrong Jones

## An engaged couple in Buckinghamshire

MR. FRANCIS DASHWOOD and Miss Victoria de Rutzen announced their engagement in January this year; he is the son of Sir John Lindsay Dashwood, Premier Baronet of Great Britain, and she is the daughter of the late Baron de Rutzen and the

Hon. Mrs. Randal Plunkett, of Dunsany Castle, Co. Meath. They are seen at West Wycombe Park, the Buckinghamshire seat of the Dashwood family, and once the headquarters of the Hellfire Club. Mr. Dashwood is a member of Lloyd's



## SCOTTISH FAMILY

MRS. ALASTAIR BALFOUR is seen with her four-year-old daughter, Belinda; she also has a son, Robert. She and her husband, Lt.-Col. Alastair Balfour of Dawyck, D.L., live at Dawyck, near Peebles. Mrs. Balfour is President of the Peeblesshire Red Cross, and vice-chairman of the Scotland's Gardens organization



Norton-Pratt

### Social Journal

Jennifer

# PRINCESS MARGARET AT "ANASTASIA"

PRINCESS MARGARET, looking extremely well, attended the première of *Anastasia* at the Carlton Theatre, presented by Twentieth Century-Fox, who kindly allowed the proceeds of this presentation to be given to the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Her Royal Highness wore a white ermine cape over her bright pink brocade dress, on which was pinned a large diamond flower brooch with a ruby centre. Her other jewels included diamond ear-rings, diamond bracelets and a necklace of very big single stone diamonds.

On arrival she was met by Mr. Billy Wallace, who does so much to help the Invalid Children's Aid Association and was chairman of the film première, and vice-chairman Miss Judy Montagu in black embroidered lace and long diamond ear-rings. The other two vice-chairmen, Mrs. Alan Selborne and Mrs. Harold Bowman, were also there and presented to the Princess. Among others presented were Dr. A. White Franklin, chairman of the I.C.A.A., and his wife, Lady Grenfell, wife of the hon. treasurer Lord Grenfell, who missed the première as he had bronchitis, Sir Francis Whitmore the Lord Lieutenant of Essex, where a new home of the I.C.A.A. has recently been started, Lady Whitmore, who is chairman of the Essex branch, Mr. John Pattison, managing director of Twentieth Century-Fox, and Mrs. Pattison, and several others, including the secretaries of the homes and schools of the Association.

Unlike many premières, this one really gave the big audience who

had come to support the Association a magnificent evening's entertainment. *Anastasia*, in my opinion, is one of the best films ever produced—Ingrid Bergman gave a superb performance as the heroine which was sheer joy to watch. The photography is good and the acting of a brilliant cast excellent throughout. Besides Ingrid Bergman there is Yul Brynner (whom I last saw playing in *The King And I* in New York), that fine actress Helen Hayes, Martita Hunt who is quite splendid, Akim Tamiroff, Felix Aylmer and many more. It is a film everyone will enjoy.

A BEVY of attractive young girls were selling programmes, including the Hon. Katharine Smith in red, the Hon. Diana Herbert in black, Miss Elizabeth Hoyer Millar, and Miss Camilla Roberts who had also helped a lot with office work for the première. Miss Serena Sheffield, pretty in blue, on the stairs, Miss Elizabeth Thierry-Mieg and Miss Gillian Clarke were other programme sellers. The programmes were exceptionally well done, with interesting advertisements and plenty of information about the aims of the I.C.A.A., which gave everyone a chance to learn more about the magnificent work being done for the children and inspired all who read it to begin, or continue, helping the Association to uphold their motto, "To every child a chance." The London office is at 4 Palace Gate, W.8, where may be sent contributions from readers in any part of the world.

The Queen is Patron of the Association and Princess Margaret has always taken a keen interest in its work. Many of her friends were



at the première, including her cousin the Earl of Granville, with the Hon. Peter and Mrs. Ward—the latter well wrapped up in her long mink coat—Lord and Lady Porchester, and Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Brand. I also saw a large number of young marrieds, among them Mr. David and Lady Caroline Somerset, the latter looking quite lovely with her hair in a chignon, arriving with Viscountess Lambton, Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Warrender, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Christopher Bridge, Mr. and Mrs. Dolby, Mr. and Mrs. David Rutland and Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Soames, the latter looking very attractive in a red taffeta evening coat.

Others in the audience were the Duchess of Rutland looking very pretty wearing a white fur round her shoulders, the Hon. Mrs. Roger Mostyn, also wearing a white fox over her black dress, and accompanied by Col. Claud de Guerre, Judge Maude and the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, Mr. Eugène Vamos, Mrs. Enid Cameron and Mr. Cecil Madden with his pretty daughter Mardie who works hard with her stage and film décor.

★ ★ ★

THE Winter Ball, held once again at the Dorchester, was an extremely successful affair. This is no doubt largely thanks to the work and untiring enthusiasm of the chairman, Lady (Elena) Bennett, who has filled this office since the ball was first inaugurated seven years ago. The proceeds go towards the salaries of organizers sponsored by the Ladies' Carlton Club, who are placed, in consultation with the Conservative Central Office, in some of the London Area Marginal Divisions. Lady Bennett had a big party at top table including Mr. Oliver Poole and the Earl of Woolton, who were both patrons, the Countess of Woolton, Viscountess Kilmuir the President, Sir Nigel Colman, the honorary treasurer, and Lady Colman, Viscount and Viscountess Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brooke, Lady Plender, Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd Carpenter, and Lord and Lady Grantchester, who were guests of honour.

Lady Barbara Bossom, who looked charming when I met her selling programmes, was chairman of the Young Committee and must have done a lot of good work, as I saw a great many young people at the ball. Among them were her brother, the Earl of Guilford and the Countess of Guilford, Lady Elizabeth Lindsay-Bethune, Miss Bridgit Heaton Armstrong, the Hon. Edmund and Mrs. Ironside, who have just moved house, the Hon. Mrs. Lowry-Corry, and Mr. Jeremy Graftey-Smith, who sings amusing songs so well. There was a fine display of prizes on the tombola which was sold out long before midnight.

Others I met at this ball were Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson who had a big party, Lady Bird resplendent in a beaded red satin dress and lovely jewels, Lord Huntingfield, Princess Melikoff, Mrs. Grey Turner, Sir Charles and Lady Cohen, Mrs. de la Motte and Col. and Lady Kathleen Birnie. Col. Birnie devotes much of his time to that very good cause the Church of England Children's Society, which many still remember better by its former name, the Waifs' and Strays' Society. The Birnies were interested in my recent visit to Southern Rhodesia, as their younger daughter Angela, now Mrs. Joly de Lotbiniere, who was married last summer, is living out there with her husband who is learning to farm near Bulawayo under the Government scheme.

★ ★ ★

DURING my visit to Southern Rhodesia last month, I was tremendously impressed with the pace at which the country was developing. I stayed near Salisbury, the capital of the Federation, an extremely well-planned city with very wide streets planted with flowering trees. Well-designed skyscrapers are going up month by month, always with plenty of space for light and air, and building is spreading quickly in all the outskirts, which again have been well laid out, and where, also, a new airport has just been opened.

Thanks to clever irrigation, thousands more acres of former bush land are now coming under cultivation, new roads are being built and telephone systems installed to communicate with the farms and ranches. When the fabulous Kariba hydro-electric project, with its dam across the Zambesi River, is finished (this is planned to be ready early in 1960), a great quantity of power will be available for everyone at a comparatively cheap rate, which should help and increase industry tremendously.

I went over the new airport buildings—which were to open the day after I left—and found them extremely modern, airy, and well planned, with everything arranged for the comfort of passengers. Salisbury is fast becoming a very busy airport, and with the long distances between Rhodesian centres internal air-travel is essential, too. There are charter companies operating here to carry out this work. I flew each time with Skywork, a comparatively new company, which has in use some very comfortable and efficient aeroplanes, among them the Avro 19 and the smaller Cessna 180, a beautifully finished and easily handled little plane, which carries four people and cruises comfortably



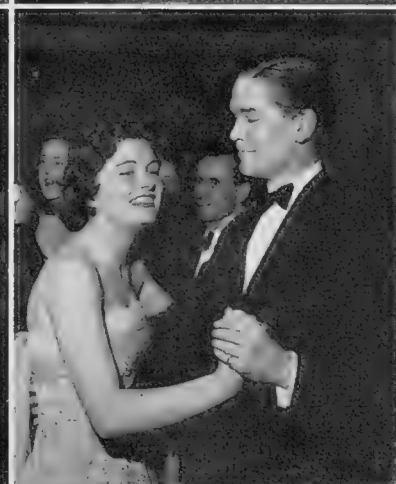
*Desmond O'Neill*  
Mr. Peter Clarke, R.N., Miss Judy Cooper and Miss Sandra Nicholson were enjoying fruit cup together

## YOUNG GIRLS' DANCE

GIRLS of the House of Citizenship held a dance to finance the move of the school from Ashridge to Hartwell House near Aylesbury. It took place at the Royal Empire Society's headquarters in Northumberland Avenue

*Viscount and Viscountess Stormont were guests*

*Miss Belinda Cuthbert and Miss P. Tournear-Edwards*



*Mr. Morton Neal was dancing with Mrs. Neal*

*Miss Diana Murray partnered by Mr. Peter Glossop*

[Continued overleaf]





FRANCES DALRYMPLE, nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Dalrymple, riding the Welsh pony on which she recently won a first and two second prizes at the Royal Show, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia

at around 160 miles an hour, landing well on the small grass airstrips found at some of the outlying farms.

I flew up with a party of friends in one of the Skywork Avros to see the work of constructing the Kariba dam, for the Federal Power Board of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and landed on the Kariba airstrip. This dam is a truly magnificent feat of engineering and planning, and up to now all has been going so well that most of the contractors are ahead of schedule. Although contracts for a great deal of the work went to the Italian firm of Impresit, it was good to find British consultants playing a big part in this giant project. First there is the firm of Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners, consulting civil engineers of London, who are working in conjunction with the two French firms, André Coyne and Jean Bellier of Paris, and the Société Générale d'Exploitations Industrielles, also of Paris. For the purpose of this Kariba project, the three firms have amalgamated as Gibb, Coyne and Sogei (Kariba). Merz and McLellan of London and Newcastle have been appointed as mechanical and electrical engineering consultants for the job.

THANKS to that dynamic personality, Dr. H. Olivier of Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners, I understood something about the work I saw in progress during my visit, as he had very kindly explained it with maps and drawings in his office in Salisbury the previous day. When we arrived at Kariba, we were met and taken round the work by Monsieur du Faure and Mr. Hallier, who explained it all on the spot more carefully. Planning the work must be a headache, as so much has to be taken into consideration over the rise, the fall, and the flow of this great river. The latter varies on an average between 16,000 cubic feet per second in the dry season, and 200,000 cubic feet per second in the wet season. The peak recorded flood was 380,000 cubic feet per second over a short period! We saw where the diversion tunnel of 1,300 feet long and 40 feet high had been constructed to take the flow, when needed, during construction of the great dam. (It was in action during our visit.) I went down into the circular concrete dam which has already been built on the left side of the river, and crossed on the new road bridge high up above the river. From here dangled lifebelts to be thrown to any workpeople who had the misfortune to fall in this very fast-flowing river, in which there is normally little hope of survival. I was interested to hear that already one life had been saved in this way.

EVERYWHERE bulldozers, scrapers, cranes, mixers, and generating sets were busy, also hundreds of lorries carrying, among other loads, sand from the river bed to a storage high up on the hill to make the necessary thousands of tons of concrete after the hundreds of acres of the valley have been flooded. It was good to see on these lorries the names of British firms such as Laings and Costains, and I noticed in the main generating plant that the huge generators were all made by English Electric, and on inquiry heard that they had come out from England.

Already six thousand Africans and one thousand Europeans are working at Kariba, and two complete villages, some distance apart, have

been laid out for them to live in, with well-built little houses. There are schools, two hospitals and a small country club with swimming pool and tennis courts, which were nearly finished. I hope I may one day return to this exciting and expanding country, Rhodesia, if only to see this great dam working—perhaps for the opening ceremony!

The social side of my very brief visit was most enjoyable, too, although much entertaining had been curtailed owing to the recent rather sudden death of the Governor, Lord Llewellyn, who was much loved and respected out here. I lunched with Lady Robins, who has a delightful home which she and Sir Ellis Robins are shortly leaving to return to England. They have lived out here nearly thirty years, and Sir Ellis is the Resident Director of the British South Africa Co., as well as having numerous other business interests in that part of the world.

That afternoon I went with Mr. Keith Acutt, a leading figure in the Anglo-American Corporation, and his mother, to the local race-meeting of the Mashonaland Turf Club at Belvedere Racecourse, where they hold a meeting most Saturdays and sometimes on a Wednesday. The seven races, on a good grass track, varied in value from £150 to £300. Mr. Acutt is joint owner with Lord Chesham's mother, Mrs. Francis Lorne, of a four-year-old, Bay of Naples, which ran second that afternoon in the big race. Lord Acton, who is also a supporter of the Turf out here, had a horse entered in this race, but I did not see him racing. He and Lady Acton and their large family of children live at M'Bebe, in the Mazoë district, where he has big farming interests. I met Lord Kensington, who was one of the stewards, that afternoon, as was the Hon. W. A. E. Winterton, M.P. The second race, I was interested to see, was won by the imported Happy Request, bred in England, by Petition out of Her Awakening, and is now five years old.

ANOTHER day I lunched at the R.U.W.A. Country Club, about seventeen miles out of Salisbury, where they have a fine golf course as well as a luxurious swimming pool and tennis courts. I watched friends play the last few holes before lunch, and discovered that their two caddies, who were coloured, had the fascinating names of Petrol and Onion! I went in for a drink one evening with Sir Ulick and Lady Mary Alexander, who have a delightfully roomy house on the outskirts of Salisbury, where they have lived for the past five or six years. Unfortunately, Lady Mary has not been very well lately and they are leaving Salisbury and coming back to England in April or May. On another occasion, I went to call on Commander and Mrs. Pat Cochran, who have an enchanting flat in one of the most modern and recently built blocks, which they have furnished with exquisite taste and lovely family pieces of furniture and porcelain. Commander Cochran, who is one of the hardest-worked men out here, with many business interests in Rhodesia and Nyasaland, is also chairman of the Federal Party.

The Cochrans, like Sir Ulick Alexander, were at a very gay cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler and their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. David Butler, at their charming house, Nufaro, Highlands, on the outskirts of Salisbury. It was a warm moonlight evening, so guests mostly stayed on the wide veranda overlooking the lawns and garden with its colourful border and lovely flowering trees, cleverly floodlit. The Butlers also have the most fascinating oval-shaped swimming pool here, which is beautifully filtered so that the water is always clean and a clear blue, and the envy of many neighbours. Among friends at this party were Sir Ernest and Lady Guest, who were among the early citizens of Salisbury, Sir Ernest, in fact, being responsible for much of the good planning and development of the city. He has now retired from politics and much of public life.

I ALSO met Mr. and Mrs. Grafftey-Smith—formerly in the Bank of England, he is now chairman of the Federal Bank of Rhodesia and Nyasaland—Mr. W. Millard, the Canadian Trade Commissioner who told me how much he had enjoyed his two years in Rhodesia, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Anderson (he is chairman of the Federal Power Board, which is so closely connected with the Kariba hydro-electric scheme), Mrs. Rosin, a very charming and able personality, who is the only woman Member of Parliament in Southern Rhodesia, and Mr. and Mrs. "Pop" Caldicott, a delightful and interesting couple. Mr. Caldicott is Federal Minister of Agriculture, which must be a very exacting and responsible job with so many thousands of acres already under cultivation in the Federation, and more and more coming into use every month.

The Hon. John and Mrs. Parker, who originally built and lived at Nufara, and designed and made the lovely garden, were at the party, also Mr. and Mrs. Charles Niven, Mr. and Mrs. Brian O'Connell and her daughter, Miss April Eccles—they have a really lovely home, Rubislaw Farm, which I visited the following day—Mrs. Madeleine Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. Bobbie Townsend, who have another lovely home in the country, Dr. and Mrs. Fynn (his father was one of the pioneers in Salisbury), Mr. and Mrs. Lester Lawrence, who have an enchanting little house near Nufaro, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Prinsep, Mr. and Mrs. Clegg, only recently arrived in Salisbury with their children, and still busy house-hunting, Mr. Keith Acutt, Mrs. Cheyney, Mr. and Mrs. Bergamasco, and Mrs. Francis Lorne, whose husband, as one of the leading architects in Salisbury, is kept extremely busy in this rapidly growing city.

Others at this very good party included Dr. and Mrs. Henry Olivier,





Mr. Victor Goodhew with Mrs. Goodhew



Miss Rusheen Preston and Mr. John Bradshaw

The  
TATLER  
and  
Bystander,  
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Miss Ruth Huggins was with Mr. Richard Hawkins



Mr. and Mrs. Julian Tenant chatting together



V. Swaeb

Miss Lois Scrimgeour, Sir Michael Newton, Bt., and Miss Jill Cobley were with Mr. Bruce Ross



At the Winter Ball held at the Dorchester, the Earl of Woolton, Mrs. Poole, Mr. Oliver Poole, Conservative Party chairman, and Viscountess Kilmuir are seen (above) drawing tombola tickets

Mr. Kenneth Johnson, Mr. Bill Roller, who is a keen farmer, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tuckey, with whom I flew up to lunch on their farm at Umvukwes, three days later. This was a most interesting experience, and showed what could be achieved in this fertile country, in a comparatively short time. Mr. and Mrs. Tuckey left their home in Derbyshire and took their three young schoolboy sons out to Rhodesia less than six years ago. Mr. Tuckey very sensibly spent two years learning all about tobacco growing, drying, grading and marketing, and then three and a half years ago they started their own farm, Nyader, of about two thousand acres on virgin bush-land at Umvukwes, much of which no white man had ever penetrated. They have had two good crops, and this year have over fifteen hundred acres planted with what looked like another fine crop of tobacco, which they had already begun to reap.

The Tuckeys have built solid brick drying houses, grading barns, and lorry garages, as well as stables for his polo ponies! They still live themselves in fascinating little thatched whitewashed houses, modelled after the native homes, which they have decorated and furnished most comfortably until their permanent brick house is built. Mrs. Tuckey had been busy with her garden and already has a large lawn and two heavenly herbaceous borders in front of the home.

Some miles beyond this farm at Umvukwes is the Centenary Block, a stretch of land which I gathered was subsidized and opened up by the Government in 1955 for tobacco farms, some of which are already being worked, mostly by ex-Servicemen. On our way here we landed on the grass air strip at one of Mr. David Butler's tobacco farms, which has the charming name of Birthday and is one of the oldest farms in Southern Rhodesia, growing some maize as well as tobacco on about four thousand acres. This is another well-equipped farm with every modern idea, and the crop of tobacco, both growing and in the drying rooms, was of a very high quality. He has another four thousand acre tobacco farm, Hillmorton, in the Banket area, and a fifty thousand acre ranch in Matabeleland.

ONE afternoon I cruised in the Cessna for an hour or so over this fascinating country, and saw Lake McIlivaine, flew low over the Mazoë dam, and the Mazoë Valley, where the B.S.A. citrus groves, superbly laid out and carefully cultivated, cover thousands of acres. In the distance we saw the Forrester Estate, which the late Lord Veru-

lam did so much to develop and which his younger son, the Hon. John Grimston, now carries on, supervising whenever he can get out here. The Duke of Montrose is another farming successfully; his is Derry Farm, not far from Salisbury.

There was great sorrow at the death of Viscount Hudson, a former Minister of Agriculture and a very sound authority on farming, who died at the hundred thousand acre Charter Estate at Beatrice, of which he was a partner. Viscountess Hudson was with him at the time of his death, also Earl De La Warr, who is also a partner in this estate.

Like many other parts of the Empire, some people who have gone to live in Southern Rhodesia miss the culture they enjoyed at home. But thanks to the generosity of the Courtauld family, especially Major and Mrs. Stephen Courtauld, this is being greatly improved. They have given a theatre, which has been built in Umtali, and have helped considerably with the new Art Gallery in Salisbury.

★ ★ ★

MUSIC lovers will be pleased to hear that the brilliant young French pianist, Eric Heidsieck, is coming over here to play. He is giving a recital at the Wigmore Hall on March 16.

I hear that Princess Alexandra of Kent has consented to become Patron of the Junior Section of the Royal Empire Society. Her Royal Highness is going to attend the Ball which is to take place at the headquarters of the Society in Northumberland Avenue on May 23. This ball is the final event in a series of social functions held by the Royal Empire Society to mark the work of restoring the building, which was badly damaged by the air raids of 1941.

The Royal Empire Society formerly the Royal Colonial Institute was founded in 1868 to cement the bond of friendship between the Mother Country and all parts of the Empire, and to spread the knowledge of the history, conditions and resources of the Commonwealth and Empire.

Another event taking place in May is the Alexandra Rose Day Ball at Grosvenor House, on May 1. Countess Cadogan is chairman of the ball with Lady Norton, her deputy chairman, and the Hon. Diana Herbert, chairman of the Junior Committee. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Leslie Morshead, 33 The Little Boltons, S.W.10.





## BALL FOR TWO GOOD CAUSES

THE Magyar Ball was held at the Anglo-Belgian Club in Belgrave Square in aid of the Anglo-Egyptian Aid Society and the Hungarian Relief Fund. Above: Mr. Howard Guinness and Miss Ruth Huggins



Mr. N. Arthur, Miss Linda McNair Scott, Mr. J. Macdonald-Buchanan, Miss Elizabeth Abel-Smith, Mr. W. Maitland and Lady Rose Bligh



Mr. Lionel Walker-Munro, Mr. Simon Eccles and Miss Carina Boyle

Lord Colwyn, with Mrs. Alan Selborne

Mr. Antony Severne and Miss Honor Durose



Lady Kilmarnock, Lord Kilmarnock, Miss Penelope Hay and Mr. George Dare



Lord and Lady Carnegie were among those present



Mr. David Rutland accompanied Mrs. Rutland

A. V. Swaen





Betty Swacbe

## A 1957 debutante looks forward to her first Season

MISS SARAH JOHNSTONE is the daughter of Mrs. Edward Barford of Rowney Priory, Ware, Herts, and Cdr. F. G. Johnstone, R.N. (Retd.), and the granddaughter of the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Johnstone. She has been studying at the comtesse de la Calle's finishing school in Paris, and will have her coming out dance in June





## A PHILISTINE'S CONVERSION AT THE POINT-TO-POINT

*G. GORDON GLOVER, well known for his radio programmes, has here turned his satirical eye on life. He examines with kindly derision point-to-point meetings—and confesses himself a devotee*

Illustration by Owen Ward

EVER since I was nibbled as a child by a snaggle-toothed, salivating pony in the shafts of a milk-float I have had, if not a horror of, a dedicated indifference to, horses. Liberty horses at circuses, police horses at Coronations, nosebagged horses, whinnying and spraying chaff about railway goods yards—all make me feel uneasy. Immense feather-footed shire horses at agricultural shows I feel so awe-inspiring and unhorse-like that they should be in zoos. As for racehorses, they wear an air of pampered conceit which ill becomes a male Hollywood star, let alone Man's Best Friend.

The only horses that to me resemble the animals I hear lauded so ceaselessly are those that fly by me, panting, pounding, hairy, muddy and only, it appears, just in control at point-to-point meetings. The heats, I imagine, for Paul Revere's Ride.

But heat is quite the wrong word in this connection. Point-to-points are set in a season of the year in Britain when hopes of summer, or even spring, have begun to atrophy in the most sanguine. The wind has come so sharply and fast out of Siberia that it carries with it the sound of Cossacks stamping the snow off their boots. Yet in its teeth turn out anything from ten to fifteen thousand human beings, a couple of thousand cars and, of course, some fifty horses.

From that day in early February when the Oxford University Bullingdon Club launches the season with patrician isolation, three weeks ahead of the field, until mid-May when the whole business folds up in the Midlands, 198 meetings will have been held.

A COUPLE of million people in British warms, duffle-coats, hacking-jackets, twin-sets, pearls, cavalry twill trousers and suede shoes—an assortment of clothes that the Long Range Desert Groups might well have envied—will have had, each and every one, a day out of time. And hundreds of cars will have been tracted out of the mud at anything from ten to fifteen bob a go by the same canny locals who earlier on had kindly directed them to the "one dry spot in the field, sir."

Whatever heresies I may breathe on the subject of horses and hunting, I will say this for the local hunt; it doesn't operate a blackball to keep me from its point-to-point. I admit to feeling a bit of an interloper. A little of that almost forgotten experience of being a new—and I'll be frank about it, not always immediately likeable—boy at school assails me. Except that now it's



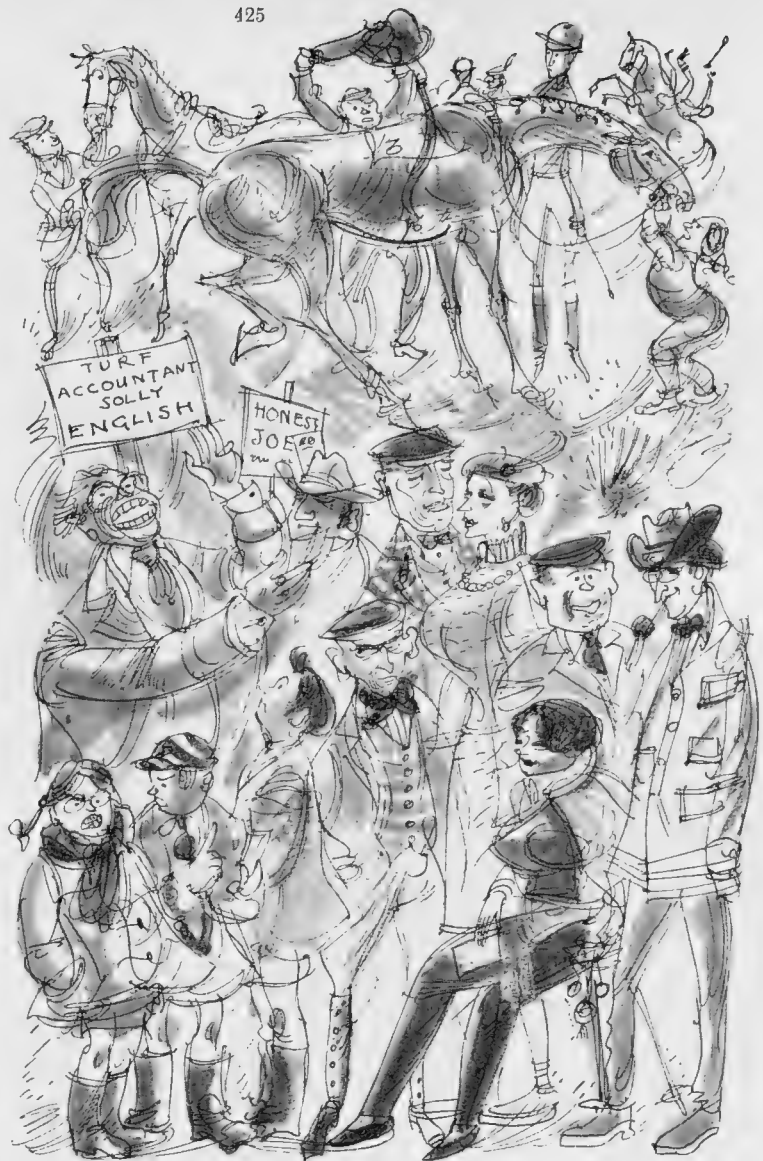
the horses which scare me, when I've sorted them out. Yet to some extent I swear I am above all this.

I go, not as one dedicated to the proceedings in all their curious glory, but rather, I tell myself, with a you're-above-all-this kind of aloofness, as a disinterested beholder, a visitor from outer space which, it has just struck me, is how, perhaps, they look at *me*. Scared stiff of the horses and esoteric company which attends them in the rare plumage of their dedication—those *waistcoats*! Those mackintoshes, all loops and metal rings—I remain, from first to last, fascinated and beguiled.

I AM, I know, as mud—and there's plenty of that—in the eye of my hosts whom my car-parking fee helps to keep hunting. But what care I? I have paid to see a circus and, by jingo! I never fail to get my money's worth.

There is a strange delight in devouring chicken sandwiches seated on a running board in a north-easter, preceded by the bottle of mixed Martinis, companioned by the rather chilly Burgundy and all helped out with hard-boiled eggs, Stilton cheese and biscuits. It is no longer obligatory—I speak here of the moral kind of obligation—to join the Royal Horse Guards to wear cavalry twill. But to be mistaken for genuine county by the society paper photographers requires more than immaculately cut cavalry twill worn as though it usually covered the animals. It necessitates the appurtenances of specialization and expensive ways: shooting sticks to snap shut at decisive moments as a general might his brief case after an irrevocable decision, or a statesman roll up the map of Europe; binoculars to sling around the neck and only occasionally to train on to the mist and bellow "Charles's over"; the right sort of shoes, the right sort of scarfpins and—surely it can't be just the luck of the draw—the right sort of children.

BECAUSE it is the children, almost more than the adults, who proclaim the authenticity of their part in the occasion. The poised little girls of the Pony Club in their jodhpurs and expensive velvet caps, the fiercely breeched little boys with their sharp, rosy faces and clear, knowledgeable eyes. Mine, I fear, elephant-trousered, black-shoed and irreverent, do much to mar the fitness of the scene. From the mouths of these babes and sucklings proceeds no wisdom—only ribald and crass ignorance. This they are unable to carry with the experience of their father who



has what the psychologists call "insight" into his horsey shortcomings, and can make certain play with it.

The licensed tent—sometimes *tents* with a host who really understands the fundamental necessities of life—is a commendable feature of the point-to-point meeting. At one which I attend (the perfect point-to-point course for the happy ignoramus) the set-up for comfort is practically ideal. From licensed tent to tented tote is about twenty-five yards. From tote—past a dozen really most persuasive bookmakers—to the fourth fence is about fifty yards. From the fourth fence which is on a summit, the course falls away in a delicious green semi-circle, round which the race proceeds to end up at the finish about sixty yards the other side of the licensed tent. The practical and tactical advantages of this masterly layout can be ascertained at a glance. I am almost convinced that it *was* laid out by an ignoramus.

AND the fourth fence, being high, wide and handsome, is thunderously dramatic. It is here that I come the closest to actual participation in events. In fact, as the clods fly past my ears it is only a certain inherited ability at all kinds of dodging that gets me safely through those moments when the fourth fence is taken with all the wild abandon of the Sheik's mad dash across the desert. Alas, all don't possess that uprightness in adversity that Valentino had. *Some* go down in the most spectacular manner, never, it seems, to rise again until called—surely from the dead!—by some great, grey dowager on a shooting-stick. "Come on, Tim, Up, man, Up," and then with evident self-satisfaction at work well done, "That's it—Tim's up again." Then I feel small, bewildered and excited all at once. For what women these are who draw themselves so slightly away to make reluctant place for me at the fourth fence.

But then, the point-to-point—what a gallant gallimaufry of wind, yellow waistcoats, breeches, beer, bow-wows and shiny motor cars it all is! In all my ignorance it hath me its addict and my springtime heart in thrall! Up and over! and tally—until the next one—jolly ho!





## Priscilla in Paris

# A GALA AT THE OPERA

THE super-gala that celebrated the first performance of the *Martyre de Saint-Sébastien* at the Grand Opera House was everything that super-galas are expected to be. All the right people were present and a pleasant sufficiency of the wrong. The *Garde Républicaine* that lined the great marble staircase stared with blank, unblinking eyes at the notabilities in every-walk-of-life as they ascended from the cold, cold, gale-swept town to the warm, rose-red auditorium.

Excellencies, both political and diplomatic, abounded, but the weather was a little chilly for the more elderly members of the Académie Française (though I did see M. Fernand Gregh who is over eighty, and Pierre Benoit a mere babe of seventy). Generals were two *sous* a dozen. Trade and the racecourse were represented by M. Boussac and Suzy Volterra; literature by Françoise Sagan; the stage and the screen by Simone Simon and Dany Robin; *la mode* by Mademoiselle Chanel and Society by. . . . It suffices to say that the comtesse de Paris was present, looking supremely distinguished in dove-grey taffeta, and that the usual first night habituées in their loveliest frocks, with their attendant squires, formed a pleasing background to the great lady of France.

The *Martyre de Saint-Sébastien*, music by Claude Debussy and book by Gabriele d'Annunzio, is one of those works that only the erudite connoisseur can really appreciate. But it is also—as a sop to the less musical, perhaps—a brilliant spectacle with magnificent scenery by Felix Labisse, sung by the Opera House stars, danced by the corps de ballet and played by actors lent by the Comédie Française.

SAINT SEBASTIEN's role is spoken, mimed and danced by Ludmilla Tchérina who has been rehearsing for three months. Rather an undertaking for a dancer to add the art of the tragedienne to that of the ballet. Whether the fact that the auditorium was—to quote from the programme—*stéréophonisé* aided the dancer, I know not, but, aided or not, her efforts were highly successful. I am also ignorant of the correct term, in English, for *le son stéréophonique*, but I have an idea it is really nothing but a glorified "mike."

A mike at the opera! Shades of *les abonnés*, those great, old, season (and seasoned) ticket-holders of other days who carried gold mounted malacca canes and who wore their opera hats (slightly over one ear) during the *entr'actes*. They had their *entrée* to the *foyer de la danse* and Madame Cardinal closed her watchful eye for a moment when they chuckled her young daughter under her dimpled chin. They were gay and rather naughty old gentlemen! They were also extremely set in their ways. Dancers were only intended to dance. A mike at the Opera? They must be turning in their narrow, narrow graves!

EXCURSIONS and alarms this week when a van, escorted by four armed *motards* (motor-bike-cops!) dashed into the rue Royale and halted outside the picture gallery of the same name. It was an ordinary take-the-washing-home van, but it contained the seventy-three canvases that form the Utrillo exhibition, valued at 100m. francs, now open at the Galerie Royale. The police guard may have been considered an extravagant precaution, for what could a thief do with a stolen Utrillo, but it certainly was an excellent advertisement. The crowd gathered as crowds do and the *motards* were useful in clearing the pavement from the van to the gallery doors.

Thanks to Utrillo's inspired brush Montmartre will—as this exhibition shows—live through the ages, long after the skyscrapers and other modern buildings have crushed its picturesque shacks and crazy houses into nothingness.

## Travaillez, prenez de la peine

- Sandrini, the great dancer, used to say: "If I remain one single day without practising, I notice it at once. If I remain two days other people do."



PRINCE CHARLES VLADIMIR of Leiningen (right) and Princess Marie-Louise of Bulgaria, after their wedding near Munich. With them are Queen Louise Giovanna, Princess Melitta and the Prince of Leiningen



"Il a l'air terrible, mais il ne mord jamais les chiens..."





## First lady of the Corps Diplomatique

MME. PER PREBENSEN is the tall and elegant wife of H.E. M. Per Prebensen, G.C.V.O., C.B.E., who has been the Norwegian Ambassador in London since 1946 and who is the Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps. M. Prebensen is also

the Norwegian Minister to the Irish Republic. Mme. Prebensen is well known as a charming hostess at the Embassy in Palace Green. She and her husband have three children, a daughter and two sons, and two grandchildren





*John Drysdale*

## The Prime Minister walks among his daffodils

MR. HAROLD MACMILLAN, who became Britain's Prime Minister this year, is here seen among the daffodils of his country home, Birchgrove House, Chelwood Gate, Sussex, with his wife Lady Dorothy, daughter of the ninth Duke of Devonshire. It is in these beautiful surroundings that Mr. Macmillan finds recreation of mind and body in the brief intervals he is able to spare from 10 Downing Street



# The "P.M."

## —A Portrait in Print

IN his Whitehall peregrinations Harold Macmillan has always kept a framed copy of the first of the many Ministerial directives initialled "WSC" he has received over the years. Dated May 28, 1940, it said, characteristically, that "the Prime Minister would be grateful if all his colleagues in the Government would maintain a high morale in their circles," and show their confidence in our ability to win.

Macmillan hardly needed such an injunction. He has always been an optimist. A wide reading of history has fortified him in that. In his one and only Budget speech he delayed a House of Commons eager for news of his taxation proposals by reading a lengthy extract from one of Macaulay's essays. "On what principle," the quotation concluded, "is it that when we see nothing but improvement behind us, we are to expect nothing but deterioration before us?"

Things are seldom as difficult as they seem, is the Macmillan philosophy. Experts may show with a wealth of statistics how impossible it is to break the bottlenecks which impede the flow of munitions in war, or houses in peace; but he has always been convinced that given the will, and a proper exercise of ingenuity and contrivance, the experts can be proved wrong.

UNLIKE Churchill and Eden, both in office within a few years of entering Parliament, while still in their thirties, Macmillan, sixteen years after becoming an M.P., remained a back bencher in his mid-forties. At that time he had little prospect, and probably little desire, for office. He was out of tune with those who led the Conservative Party. "The Y.M.C.A." was the contemptuous name the Whips gave to the little band of M.P.s who joined Macmillan in propounding what were, in the context of the times, revolutionary economic ideas. It was the sort of regrettable thing that was bound to happen, they charitably supposed, when a publisher got himself mixed up with authors like J. M. Keynes and G. D. H. Cole.

In those prewar years the affairs of an expanding publishing firm had the first claims upon his time. That Macmillan is a highly successful business man is a factor in his public career which the political commentators tend to underestimate. Actually it is no small part of the secret of his rise to the top.

He soon found out that the differences between the two worlds are superficial rather than real. The Prime Minister discovered different ways of applying business principles to Whitehall from two of his earliest Ministerial masters, Andrew Duncan and Lord Beaverbrook, after Winston Churchill gave him his first taste of junior office at the Ministry of Supply. In every Government post he has held since—and he has been in five in the past six years—he has applied the same ideas. You pick a team in whom you can trust, tell them what you want done, and let them get on with it without fuss.

ABSENCE of flap has been the most notable feature of Macmillan's offices in Whitehall. He learnt the art of politics from Churchill; but he has never slavishly followed the master's methods—midnight conferences, and daytime bedroom work, the constant bombardment of colleagues and subordinates with telephoned or written orders, questions and advice.

"Business keeps the politician in touch with reality. Economic theory alone is no good," he told a young politician who went to see him a few years ago. That is where his main quarrel has always been with the intellectuals who control the Labour Party. They came under severe castigation from his tongue in their years of power after the war. "Let sleeping dogmas lie," he urged them. And—parodying Lord John Manners—

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning, die,  
But leave us still our party pedantry.



John Pratt

Macmillan takes immense trouble with his speeches. To him, as to Churchill, a debate in the House of Commons is an occasion, and worth taking trouble about. Trouble to polish the phrase and find the apt quotation or literary allusion: trouble to dress for the part. In days when all too often debates have sunk to a utilitarian level more suitable to a county council, Macmillan's style has irritated the Opposition. He has been accused of pomposity. In his private life there is certainly nothing of the pompous. Like all brilliant conversationalists, he appreciates an audience; but he uses his ears at least as much as his mouth. He is a good clubman and is seen in the smoking room at the House more than most Prime Ministers.

PERHAPS his biggest test as "a good mixer" came during the war when he was sent out to Allied G.H.Q. in North Africa to co-operate with Robert Murphy, President Roosevelt's emissary, in tackling the many thorny political problems complicating the campaign. By one of those unfortunate mistakes to which even the best machines are liable, General Eisenhower was not informed of Macmillan's arrival. "Saints on the mountain, who are you?" was his disconcerting greeting. The Macmillan charm soon did its work. Cordiality melted the suspicions of generals who viewed the presence of a politician as both an innovation and an intrusion. It even smoothed the ruffled feathers of the militant protagonists of the rival factions adhering to Generals de Gaulle and Giraud. The visiting Minister was helped in all this by having had an American mother who had lived many years in France. Handling the diplomatic side of the Greek civil war—another issue when deep cleavages arose between British and American policy—completed Macmillan's political apprenticeship. By 1945 he had very clearly arrived.

TO get to the top in politics, and still more to stay there, a man needs a wide range of interests outside his work.

The Prime Minister has always been a voracious reader. Forty years ago the young Guards subaltern, Balliol studies interrupted, carried his pocket Homer to war, and, wounded, beguiled with it the hours in No-Man's-Land before the stretcher party could bring him in. Today his tastes are varied, but Scott and Trollope stand high in his favour. But he enjoys most of all a country life—his regular visits to read the lessons at the church at Horsted Keynes near his Sussex home at Chelwood Gate, Saturdays out with gun and dog, his garden. Here he shares one of his wife's enthusiasms. Lady Dorothy Macmillan has never aspired to the rôle of influential political hostess; but she has always been an indefatigable worker in her husband's constituencies. On doorstep visits she is not the Duke's daughter condescendingly canvassing; she is just one wife and mother talking to another about the problems of the home as seen by one who has four children and eleven grandchildren. His own home is one in which the Prime Minister can find full escape from the vexations of office.

No article on Macmillan would be complete which did not include the word "Edwardian," but there is deception in outward appearances. He may carry about him much of the graces of years which have passed; but his mind is well attuned to the needs and even the vulgarities of the present day. He knows that you cannot run a modern Government without showmanship. But it is always the project not the man that he is out to sell. It was The People's House five years ago, not The Macmillan House; and it was Premium Bonds, not Macmillan Bonds, for which the Dagenham Girl Pipers played. Knowledge of what happened to "Daltons" may have played a part in that decision, but in the main he was merely following a natural instinct.

—T. Lester Brewyn



## A FENCING CHAMPION

MISS MARGARET STAFFORD won the individual title for London University in the Women's University Fencing Championships held recently; London also gained the team championship, Edinburgh being the runners up. Miss Stafford, who comes from Wimbledon, won each of her five fights in the final pool, and Miss M. Waters and Miss E. Grant from the same team came second and third



## Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

SELDOM do we get the chance to repair, in our middle years, the omissions of our youth. So I was more than merely flattered to be invited to take part in a Union debate at Oxford, thirty years after having become a member of the University, and never having spoken at the Union in my undergraduate days. Rarely having even attended a debate, in fact.

There is no withstanding the special atmosphere of the Union, and of its dusty, draughty Victorian debating chamber. I was interested to hear one of the officers, at the President's dinner table before the debate, saying that with so much change in the collegiate and academic life of the University, with dons and undergraduates and the subjects they read all so different from what they used to be, he found a greater spirit of historical continuity in the Union—which is a mere century old—than in his own college, an ancient foundation, six or seven times the age of the Union Society.

Certainly a sense of the past pervaded our proceedings the other night. We stood in silence for a moment in memory of Lord Hore-Belisha, an ex-President, such being the piety with which the connection between the Society and its former officers is preserved. Indeed a couple of weeks earlier an undergraduate speaker had quoted from a speech made by the historical figure

he referred to with great gravity of manner and only partly in jest, as "Mr. Gladstone, ex-President."

★ ★ ★

"SHOP" is the most fascinating topic in the world—one's own shop first, and even other people's shop a good second. So a journalist must be forgiven for having gobbled up Francis Williams's new book on newspapers and their history, *Dangerous Estate*, from which I have been gathering some fascinating material about the early years of that brashest and liveliest of all our contemporaries, the *Daily Mirror*.

It is difficult to believe, now, that it began life, about half a century ago, as "The First Daily Newspaper for Gentlewomen"—one of the few really calamitous ideas on newspaper production, Mr. Williams justly observes, to enter Northcliffe's fertile brain.

Not only was it written *for*, but it was written *by* gentlewomen who somehow managed within a mere three months to reduce its circulation from 265,000 to 25,000, bringing to Northcliffe's disillusioned lips the perhaps unfair but certainly understandable remark that, "I have learned two things: women can't write, and don't want to read." The editor whose lot it was to dismiss the staff of 1904 gentlewomen said, "It was like drowning kittens."



I doubt whether a similar number of Fleet Street gentlewomen of 1957 would be either so ineffectual at their desks or go so meekly to the bucket. My female colleagues on their various newspapers are resourceful, highly competent journalists, and some of them are pretty tough into the bargain. What has always surprised me about Fleet Street's attitude towards them is that it should be so old-fashioned.

Journalism is one of the dwindling number of professions in which women are still discriminated against: I have met some splendid, all-round women reporters in my time but each one of them has had to struggle against being made into a sob-sister, simply. And nobody has ever appointed a woman as editor of a national or important provincial newspaper or even as news editor or chief-sub-editor. How unenlightened of what ought to be a go-ahead profession! Even the B.B.C. is more enterprising, let alone medicine and the law.

★ ★ ★

THE remarkable collection of domestic English silver that Christie's are to sell next month for the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood reflects the taste of the earlier members of the Lascelles family rather than that of the present generation.

It is of the fifty sporting snuff-boxes that I am thinking chiefly, all symbolizing in chased and engraved silver the delight that Yorkshire country gentlemen of a century and a half ago took in the sports of field and racecourse and forest—with their horses leaping, hounds in full cry, sportsmen with their guns, or huntsmen sounding their horns.

One of the scholarly partners in the great firm took me down to their strong room the other day to view the treasures, among them the beautiful fifteen-piece silver toilet service made in England in 1683 and chased with Chinese figures, birds, trees and flowers—an early example of the influence of the Far East on the great age of the English domestic arts then just beginning.

So great is the traditional appeal to English hearts of the field sports we had seen so graphically portrayed on the snuff-boxes that my guide, waving a proud hand towards the toilet service said, "Just look how fresh it is, and in what beautiful condition: like a Derby winner coming up to the finish!"

★ ★ ★

NO two exhibitions of pictures could be more different from each other than those that are both being housed at the Arts Council's Gallery in St. James's Square, until the end of March.

On one floor are the cosy Sussex landscapes of Samuel Palmer's early years, with great maternal-seeming clouds, or with fat golden moons, sailing over bosomy downlands, cropped by sheep heavy with wool and with fat. Here, as a writer in the catalogue points out, is an England about which the Psalmist might have sung, where the valleys "stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing." It is an earthly Paradise made into magic by Palmer's lyrical brush.

BRIGGS



The magic of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Indian paintings, in another room, is as different as could be. Here, the small vividly bright, almost jewel-like pictures are full not only of vigorous detail and busy little figures (all in large-eyed profile) as well as birds and beasts and trees and flowers, but also of the most enchanting symbolism.

IT is charming to see, for instance, the gaily coloured little birds, or the blossom-laden branches that decorate every picture, but it is even more entrancing to know that they are not merely incidental to the human figures. They symbolize the ecstasies and the desires of the graceful Indian girls and their lovers—poetic images as well as decorative details—phrases, in fact, in a pictorial code as clear and understandable to the painter and his public as the classical allusions of an English poet of the Augustan age.

Each egret or peacock or heron has its precise meaning in these brilliantly painted miniatures, and so has every colour.

A lady keeping tryst in the forest awaits her lover among trees the trunks of which are scarlet, for red is the colour of romantic passion. So, too, the lover's sword is slung in a scarlet scabbard. But a female figure coloured blue or grey is lorn and lonely.

Here is a very poetry of paint—but so, too, is Palmer's vision of a golden England. Perhaps they are not so different, these two exhibitions, as I began by fancying.

★ ★ ★

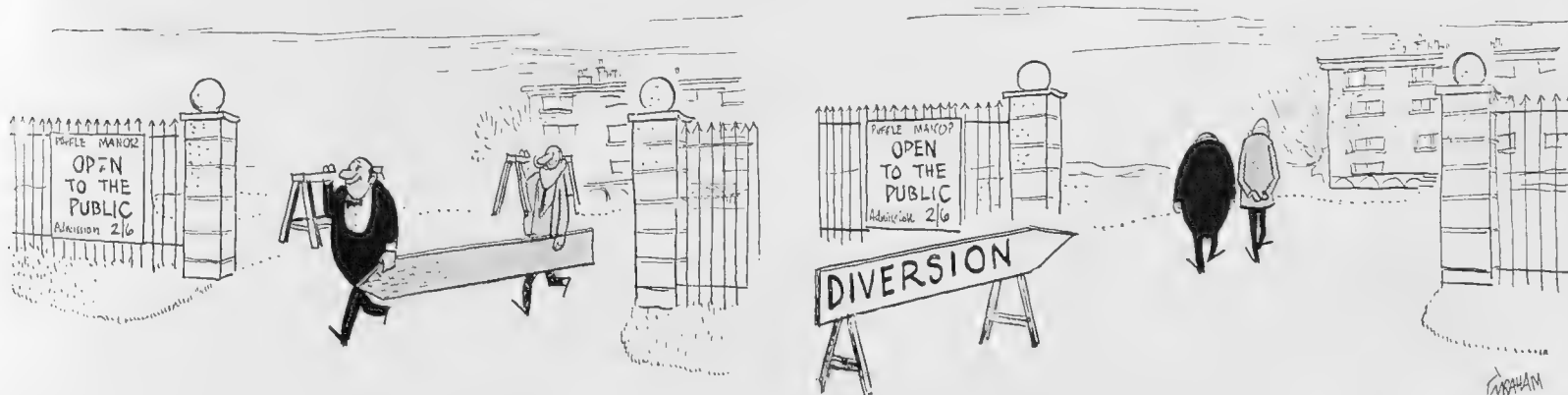
MOSCOW RADIO is to resume its lessons in "Russian by radio," for English listeners, and I am reminded that our own B.B.C. has been broadcasting English lessons to the Soviet Union ever since jamming stopped, after the death of Stalin.

Now and again letters from Russian listeners reach London, passed by the Soviet censor, commenting on the "English by radio" lessons and many, I am told, asking about the signature tune with which we play in, and out, our Russian service. Some think it our national anthem, and it is certainly as English in feeling as a melody can be—Vaughan Williams's arrangement of "Greensleeves."

It would amuse some of the Russian listeners to know that it is thought to have been written by a king—Henry VIII—and that it was a party tune of the Cavaliers in the Civil War: many a Russian has a wry interest in royalty, as an Englishman might be curious about the Dalai Lama, and I am sure that if Peter the Great had ever written little ditties, as Henry did, there would be good republicans who would hum them in the streets of Moscow.

Hum, I said, not whistle: it is as "uncultured" in the Soviet Union to whistle as it is to cross your legs when you sit down, and the Moscow of today minds its manners most primly.

by Graham





## FENCING OCCASION

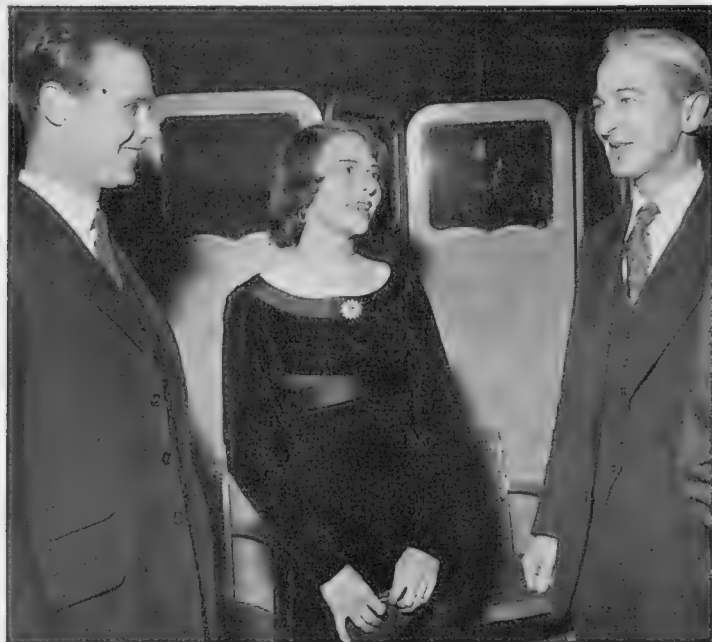
MISS GILLIAN SHEEN, who won a gold medal for fencing at the Olympic Games, attended a reception given in her honour at the Trocadero by the Amateur Fencing Association, of which she is a member



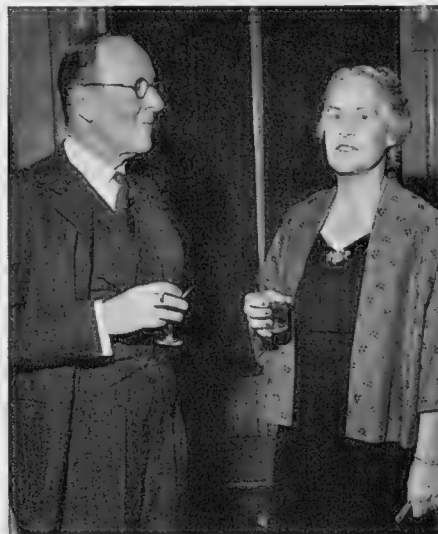
*Capt. David Craig, epee champion,  
and Mrs. Mary Glen Haig*



*Miss Pat Taylor and Mr. J.  
Emrys Lloyd*



*Mr. and Mrs. Robin de Beaumont with Mr.  
Robin Brook*



*Mr. T. E. Beddard was with  
Lady Simmonds*



*Mr. C.-L. de Beaumont, Miss  
Sheen and Mr. L. V. Fildes*



*Mrs. Manly Power, Miss Janet  
Morgan and Mr. R. Bisley*



*Mr. Geoffrey Powell with  
Miss Julie Jamin*

*Mrs. John Carrott, Mr. Ian McKechnie and  
Mrs. Ian McKechnie*



## A SQUASH PARTY

A COCKTAIL PARTY was given by the Women's Squash Rackets Association after the finals of the Women's Championships at the Lansdowne Club. It was held at Lillywhites, and the U.S. team was present. The British captain, Miss J. Morgan, had won the championship for the eighth time

*Mr. Jack Deloford, Lady Anne Lytton and Mrs.  
Rosemary Deloford*





*Mr. A. H. Ensor, Mrs. Ensor, Mr. G. L. Davies, Mrs. Davies  
and Viscountess Cobham*

*The  
TATLER  
and  
Bylander.  
MARCH 6  
1957  
483*



*Sir Clifton and Lady Webb receiving  
their guests*

## NEW ZEALAND RECEPTION

THE High Commissioner for New Zealand, Sir Clifton Webb, and Lady Webb gave a reception at Claridge's when, soon after their arrival in this country, they entertained many distinguished guests



*Lady Gore-Booth and Mr.  
J. E. Holloway*



*Mr. Duncan Sandys with  
Lady Dorothy Macmillan*



*Lord Newall was in conversation with  
Viscountess Cobham*



*H.E. the Cuban Ambassador  
and Mme. de Mendoza*

*Mrs. Edward Ford with Lady  
Moyra Browne*



*H.E. the Luxembourg Ambassador M. A. J.  
Clasen, Mme. Nishi and Mme. Clasen*



*Mme. Thomen, Mme. Guerrero, and H.E.  
the Dominican Ambassador, M. Thomen*







"THE MASTER OF SANTIAGO" (Lyric, Hammersmith). Don Alvaro Dabo (Donald Wolfit, left) heads an Order famed for chivalry. But Don Alvaro has decided that Spain has not been worth the saving. He will do no more for it, or for his daughter either. She (Mary Pat Morgan, centre) agrees with him against Don Bernal (Austin Trevor) who wishes her and his son to make a match. Below, the Duenna (Rosalind Iden) scowls forebodingly

### At the Theatre

## MR. WOLFIT'S NEAR MISS

IT was certainly time that English audiences were made aware of the peculiar merits of M. Henry de Montherlant as playwright; yet how odd that the introductory piece at the Lyric, Hammersmith, should be *The Master Of Santiago*. One would have thought that there was everything to be said for preceding it by *Malatesta*, which Mr. Donald Wolfit prefers to play next. It is a drama not only more to English taste, but much better suited to this particular actor's temperament.

*Malatesta* embodies the hot-blooded sensuousness, the soaring, thirsting spirit of the Renaissance—surely just Mr. Wolfit's meat. But the hero he is playing now is an ice-cold Spanish ascetic of the sixteenth century seeking to withdraw from a world which disgusts him by its corruption. Mr. Wolfit has never been afraid to venture outside the range of his temperament. If he had been more circumspect the theatre in the last twenty years would have lost much, notably the altogether charming surprise of his old fribble in *The Clandestine Marriage*. But the temperamental range of an actor must be wide indeed if he is to triumph both as *Malatesta* and as Don Alvaro, and the unexpected in this instance does not happen.

MR. WOLFIT is never less than impressive, and he brings out well enough the curious holding quality of a play that is all talk and little action and which ends with a conversion which is hard to accept sympathetically since it spells destruction to a young girl's innocent dream of love. But he cannot help adding an unwanted touch of unction to the old Spaniard's cold contempt for a world which has in his eyes fallen irrecoverably away from the ancient ideal of chivalric purity. As a youth he had fought to cleanse Spain of the Moorish invaders, but victory left him disillusioned; and now in the new colonial war in the Indies he sees a worse defilement.

His friends of the Order of Santiago, knowing that he is poor, would have him pick up easy wealth in "the holy war," but he scorns money and besides he is for the helpless natives against the ruthless colonizers. It is put to him that if he could compromise with his conscience he would be in a position to provide a dowry for his daughter Mariana, who is in love with a poor young knight. Love, he replied, is only one more form of human vileness, and as for family affection, the only family he recognizes is that of his Order, which is a family, not by birth, but by election of spirit.

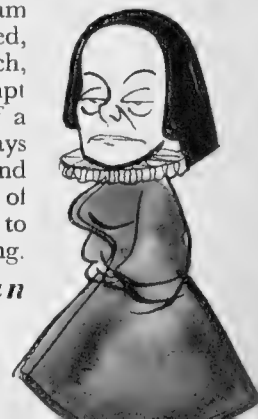
Clearly the least suggestion of unction in the playing of this character is out of place. It must unbalance the portrait that the author is painting in hard, dry colours. Don Alvaro has all the ascetic virtues of a saint, but he is utterly without love, compassion or charity. The world has grown too corrupt to deserve his pity. He longs for death through which he will shake off the defiling dust of its self-seeking and dishonour.

THE character of a man of ascetic extremes is delineated with such powerful strokes that by implication it questions the moral values on which such asceticism rests. Is Don Alvaro a saint of stoicism with more elevated virtues than those of a Christian saint, or is he a man eaten up with spiritual pride.

It is plainly the author's intention to leave us free, at all events till the last act, to form our own judgment on the hero. But Mr. Wolfit somehow comes between us and the facts. He presents a dignified man of honour, but slightly over-colours the cold, classical severities of the man's mind and blunts the moral passion. We are too easily tempted to write Don Alvaro down as an almighty prig. And the last act becomes all the more difficult to take. For here Mariana, his affectionate and unselfish daughter, undergoes conversion. She forgets her lover and renounces the world. Together father and daughter pray themselves out of a world unfit for saints to live in.

Mr. Wolfit and Miss Mary Pat Morgan try hard in this scene to win over our sympathies but not, I am afraid, successfully. They are handicapped, of course, by appearing in a translation which, though always workmanlike, makes no attempt to render the magnificent prose rhythms of a great French stylist. Miss Morgan plays Mariana with unaffected simplicity, and Mr. Austin Trevor gives a good account of the worldly knight whose misfortune it is to have to do business with saints in the making.

—Anthony Cookman



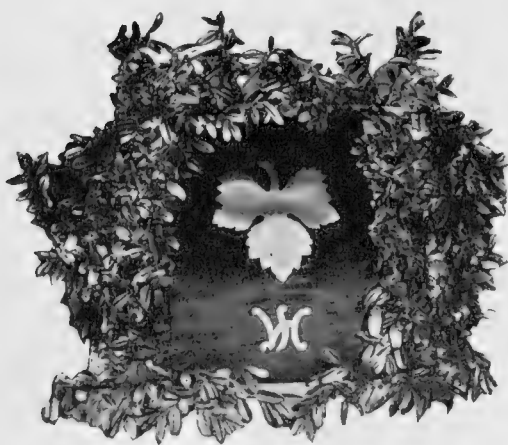


Mike Da

## ALICIA MARKOVA WILL DANCE WITH THE ROYAL BALLET

MARKOVA is to appear in "Les Sylphides" with Philip Chatfield at Covent Garden when Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother attend the Sadler's Wells Benevolent Fund Gala. They will also see the first performance by the Royal Ballet of "Petrouchka," in which Margot Fonteyn will dance. Sir Malcolm Sargent will conduct





## THE VINE HUNT'S BALL AT NEWBURY

THE Vine Hunt Ball, one of the biggest held this season, took place in the Corn Exchange at Newbury and was attended by nearly 500 guests. Garlands of vines and banners bearing the Hunt badge (above) decorated the ballroom where dancing went on until 3 a.m.

*Photographs by Desmond O'Neill*

*Miss Janet Gibson was dancing with  
Mr. John King*



*Lt.-Col. F. Mitchell with Mrs. Mitchell, Acting Master of  
the Vine, and Bob James, the Vine huntsman*

*Mrs. Phillips and Mr. R. Phillips, Master of the  
South Berks*

*Miss Angela Butters in  
James Sy*

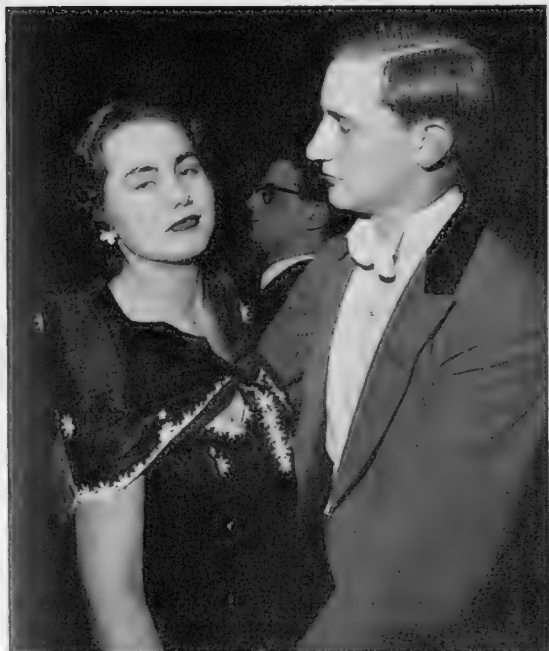




*Mr. Tom Farmiloe dancing a quickstep with  
Mrs. Farmiloe*



*Miss Cassa Perry and Mr. Peter Govett take a glass of punch from  
Miss Gloria Rance (centre)*



*Miss Elizabeth Humphreys partnered by  
Mr. James Stamford*



*Viscountess Portal, Hunt President and  
Brig. F. G. R. Brittorous*



*Lady (William) Mount in conversation  
with Capt. R. J. Palmer*

conver- ion with Mr.  
Symes

*Miss Elizabeth Rhys, daughter of Lady Anne Rhys,  
and Mr. David Leighton*

*Mr. Tom Hustler talking to Miss Sally Powell at  
this excellent ball*







YUL BRYNNER as the unscrupulous Bounine finds himself greatly attracted to Anastasia (Ingrid Bergman) who really appears to be the Czar's surviving daughter, and not a well-groomed impostor, in *Anastasia*, a fine film reviewed below

## At the Pictures

# IF ONLY ALL FILMS WERE LIKE THIS ONE . . .

THE tantalizing thought of ten million pounds languishing unclaimed at the Bank of England simply because nobody knows what really happened to the woman for whom it was intended—Anastasia Nicolaevna Romanoff—must for years have been a challenge to the ingenuity of the unscrupulous. *Anastasia*, a splendid piece of entertainment based on the play of the same name, purports to show how four talented twisters living in Paris in the 1920s exploited the rumours that the Czar's youngest daughter had not been killed with the rest of her family on the night of June 16, 1918, and would one day reappear as rightful claimant to an imperial fortune—an idea which appealed strongly to impecunious Russian exiles the world over.

GENERAL BOUNINE, superbly played by Mr. Yul Brynner, is the brain of the scheming quartet: he firmly believes Anastasia is dead so he is not concerned with producing the real Grand Duchess but merely a reasonable and acceptable facsimile. Miss Ingrid Bergman, giving a perfectly beautiful performance as a desperate, destitute young woman whose identity is a mystery even to herself, provides him with the opportunity.

Relentless as a Svengali, Bounine coaches her in the rôle of an Imperial Highness. Is it intuition or a dim recollection of things past that enables her to play it with such authority? To Bounine, she is merely a gratifyingly apt pupil: to his friend Chernov (Mr. Akim Tamiroff), she seems to be carrying things too far. "She thinks she is Anastasia," he complains crossly. "And you know what Stanislavsky said: when an actor thinks he's the character he's playing—fire him!" (Art thou there, Mr. "Method" Strasberg?)

Satisfied at last with the personage he has created, Bounine presents his Anastasia to the fluttered aristocratic Russian emigrés in Paris: though it would be to their advantage to accept her as the late Czar's heir, they must take their cue from the ex-Chamberlain of the old Russian Court. He (Mr. Felix Aylmer, nicely icy) denounces her as an impostor. The one person who could override his ruling is the Czar's mother, the Dowager Empress, an exile in Denmark. Bounine whisks Anastasia to Copenhagen.

The Empress (an exquisitely imperious performance from Miss Helen Hayes) refuses to receive her. Rising above the rebuff, Bounine succeeds in introducing Anastasia to Prince Paul (Mr. Ivan Desny), who is much taken with her: a lady-in-waiting (Miss Martita Hunt, gloriously flamboyant) informs the Empress—hinting that it would be well if she would see her alleged granddaughter. The meeting takes place. The scene is brilliantly written, brilliantly played and deeply affecting.

The romantic ending to the film is contrived and highly theatrical, but the dialogue and the acting are so excellent and it is such a delight to welcome back Miss Bergman, that I am sure you will accept it as willingly as I did.

MR. ALFRED HITCHCOCK, introducing *The Wrong Man*, vows that every word of this alarming story is true—but it seems to me a pity that it is told in a sort of vacuum, with no background movement or noises off to emphasize its authenticity.

A musician at the Stork Club (Mr. Henry Fonda) needs money to pay for dental treatment for his wife (Miss Vera Miles). He takes her life policy to an insurance company's office to negotiate a loan. He is arrested and positively identified by several



GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA entertains a medieval crowd with a fiery dance as the gypsy Esmeralda in a new version of Victor Hugo's novel *The Hunchback Of Notre Dame*. Anthony Quinn plays the hunchback, and is of suitably horrific mien

witnesses as a man who pulled off a hold-up at that very office some time previously. Bail in the sum of seven thousand five hundred dollars is allowed—and Mr. Fonda, looking suitably stunned, seeks out a lawyer to help him prove his innocence.

Two people who could have provided him with an alibi are now dead—a third cannot be traced. Things look exceedingly black for Mr. Fonda—and under the strain his wife breaks down and has to be sent to a mental home. It is by purest chance, the nature of which I shall not reveal, that the innocent man escapes a term of imprisonment—and it is two years before his wife can resume a normal life.

THE first half of the film, through which Mr. Fonda moves like a man in a nightmare, holds one horror-stricken. In the second, something is lacking: there are, for instance, no importunate reporters, no gossiping or sympathetic neighbours, and not a flicker of excitement among the members of the Stork Club who, if I know them, would have been thrilled that their bass-player, back on duty during bail, was facing a charge of armed-robbery-with-violence. The splendid isolation in which Mr. Fonda suffers lends a certain unreality to the picture—and truth, alas, seems slightly to have numbed Mr. Hitchcock's normally lively artistic imagination.

IN the latest (the fifth, I believe) screen version of M. Victor Hugo's *The Hunchback Of Notre Dame*, Mr. Anthony Quinn, wearing a horror-comic make-up, does a good actor's best with the title rôle, while Signorina Gina Lollobrigida, looking luscious but uneasy, struggles vainly to give Esmeralda, the gypsy girl, an interest divorced from mere vital statistics.

As for the supporting cast in this sprawling, old-fashioned production, had they been selected for conspicuous lack of acting talent, they could not have been better chosen. In defence of their inability to illude as citizens of Paris in the Middle Ages, it must be admitted that they are handicapped with dubbed American dialogue that is nothing short of calamitous.

—Elsbeth Grant



JENNIFER JONES portrays the fragile body but passionate character of Elizabeth Barrett in *The Barretts Of Wimpole Street*. The film tells of the young Barrett family who live like prisoners under the shadow of their tyrannical father Edward Moulton Barrett (John Gielgud), and how Elizabeth finds the courage to break away through her love for the poet Robert Browning, played by Bill Travers



## IMMORTAL ANIMALS

AN Exhibition of paintings, drawings and engravings by George Stubbs will be shown at the Whitechapel Art Gallery from February 27 to April 7. All the pictures come from collections in this country. Right: "Baron de Robeck Riding By The Serpentine," owned by Brig. Baron de Robeck



A fine oil painting of a cheetah with two attendants, owned by Brigadier-General Sir Robert Pigot, Bt.

"Two Horses With A Groom," a magnificent painting from the collection of Frank Partridge & Sons Ltd.



### Book Reviews

## SECRET OF A POETESS

THREE young girls in a country family construct a dream-world—then, what happens? To Margaret Kennedy's new novel **The Heroes Of Clone** (Macmillan, 15s.), there could be many approaches: why not this one? The Brontës, children of genius, forged for themselves just such another secret, exciting universe, dominated by dark, magnificent figures—from its hold none of them quite escaped. Had Miss Kennedy, possibly, this in mind in dealing with the silent fate of her heroine, Dorothea Harding?

Dorothea, like the real-life Brontës, was a Victorian. Past that point, outward resemblance stops. True, she also became a novelist, but *she* attained fame—as the author of lush, high-minded second-rate stories, whose vogue had hardly outlived her death in the year 1889. Such books, if they are revived at all, circulate in our day as a highbrow joke. What a sensation, therefore, when it transpired that this same woman (who died a spinster) wrote purest poetry, of a disturbing beauty, and that this was unmistakably fraught with passion! *Who*, thousands asked, was the mysterious "G."?

NOTHING is more popular, as we know, than the pursuit of a "guilty secret"—however far back in time! Limelight, when Miss Kennedy's novel opens, turns full upon the long-dead, mute Dorothea. Mr. Mundy, an ingenious literary man, whets his keen pen and lays bare (it is thought) the truth—Miss Harding had sinned with her sister's husband, whose Christian name happened to be Grant! Next casher-in on this theory is Miss Lassiter, a hitherto unsuccessful female dramatist. The long run and blazing fame of the Harding play causes Blech Bernstein British to buy the film rights. Now, B.B.B.'s harbingers are on the move into the Harding country (in the south-west of England). Mr. Mundy and Miss Lassiter are among the number, and Roy Collins, a young man less bumptious than he appears, also prospects the terrain. He is a scriptwriter.

The contemporary Hardings are a run-down lot—a seedy squire, his on-the-make wife, his daughter. An adequate cash offer from B.B.B. has, apparently, silenced family scruples. Bramstock, that depressing family mansion (once Dorothea's home and, it now seems, prison) from now on opens its doors to the film company. Snobbish little Cecilia Harding's attempts to play the middle-class Roy along is a comedy-element in *The Heroes Of Clone*. For the youth is not only recalcitrant, he is truthful.

Or should one say, susceptible to attacks by truth? In the dank rooms of Bramstock, the woods around, the uplands above, Roy finds himself gripped by unaccountable joy or agony, as though Someone reached out to him from the past. Gradually, the profitable, sexy myth from which B.B.B.'s "Harding Story" is to take off, disintegrates for the young man. Dorothea's reality was quite other. What *was* it, then? Roy's inconvenient obsession ends by wrecking the B.B.B. project.

Clue by clue, what did actually happen is pieced together. Tombstones, an unexpected packet of letters, but most of all intuition play their parts. The sinister side of Mr. Winthorpe—hitherto billed as a blameless elderly clergyman, Dorothea's mentor—appears. Victimization, on a vast ruthless scale, had been authorized by Victorian morality. . . . And what had "Clone" been? The dream-kingdom, the Valhalla which sister Mary and cousin Effie had, as young ladies tend to grow up, forgotten, but from which Dorothea Harding had had to be rent apart.

Such a theme could only have been found by Miss Margaret Kennedy—one might say this novel has her ideal subject, for in it her best powers come into play. Poetically moving, tense from first page to last, witty and acute in its view of persons, *The Heroes Of Clone* should leave not a reader cold.

★ ★ ★

**FRSKINE CALDWELL**, firmly pinned to our memories ever since he gave us *Tobacco Road*, is at his best in **Gulf Coast Stories** (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.). This salubrious, steamy, not always moral region, washed by a warm current, centres on the famed city of New Orleans. Along the edge of the breakers are strung resorts—of which I best remember the pleasing Gulfport—blend of the go-ahead and the ornately *passé*. Succulent Creole shrimp-fries, swimming and dalliance are among attractions. And the in-curving coastline is dotted with minor industries—saw mills, canneries.

In such a promising region, Mr. Caldwell has not cast his short-storyist's net in vain. These are first-rate tales—some comic, some grim, some briskly improper. None are, I should like to say, overcast by the squalor with which some writers invest America's Deep South. "Kathy," "In Memory Of Judith Courtright," "Vic Shore And The Good Of The Game," "A Gift For Sue" and "The Shooting Of Judge Price" are to be starred as high points. . . . *Gulf Coast Stories* does, I fear, need a glossary—the opening number, "Soqhots," is somewhat cryptic. The wife in it spends her time "fixing soqhots": what is a soqhot, and how is the fixing done?

★ ★ ★

**HELEN NIELSEN**, gifted Californian, gives an extra sinister twist to mystery in **Borrow The Night** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.). Here's a judge, already more than uneasy as to a death sentence he has had to pronounce, receiving a series of threatening letters. Judge Addison, the anonymous writer says, will himself die on the day, at the hour, set for the execution of young Messick—an adolescent delinquent convicted of slaying a good-time girl.

And the fatal day is only a week ahead! Something more than fear for his own skin sends Ralph Addison on an against-time search for evidence which may, after all, clear Messick. In this search he collects more than one ally, and also dredges the gimcrack underworld of dives, bars, motels and seedy bungalows in which lost boys (such as the prisoner) head for trouble. That there is a touch of the tract about this story does not lessen its gaunt excitingness. *Borrow The Night* hits out at one, to the final sentence.

—Elizabeth Bowen



PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR, real-life hero of the film "Ill Met By Moonlight," is an author of distinction. His books include "The Traveller's Tree" and "The Violins Of St. Jacques"

Mark Gerson

LORD LOVAT, Hogarth's portrait of the last peer to die in Britain for treason. This picture is reproduced in Moray McLaren's book "Lord Lovat Of The '45" (Jarrolds, 18s.)

National Portrait Gallery







CHOICE FOR  
THE WEEK

## PAISLEY CLASSIC

HERE is a delightful outfit to prove the old saw that simplicity is the keynote of fashion. On the right is a narrow belted sheath dress in Swiss knitted jersey with a wide becoming neckline and brief sleeves. Worn over the dress (left) is a loose, edge to edge jacket in a beige and brown paisley design; its cuffed sleeves are just short of full length. Dress and jacket cost 19 gns., and come with all accessories from Debenham and Freebody. The double brimmed hat in pale beige Pari-Buntol straw costs 15 gns., the long bag in Hunting suede £7 10s., the pale creamy-beige fabric gloves 30s. 9d.







A RED STOLE with Lurex spots and plaited fringe. It costs £9 19s. 6d. from Harrods



MOHAIR sports bag calf-hide trimmed. Price £5 15s. 6d. The pure silk square costs £4 9s. 6d. Both from Debenham and Freebody

*JEAN CEELAND has here collected many accessories which epitomize that exhilarating time between seasons when days of sharp winds alternate with bright, almost warm spells*



THIS TAN silk "Hermes" square has a most attractive hunting design. It is obtainable from Wetherall's, and can be acquired for £6 6s.



HERE is a very original design of galleons, palm trees and Birds of Paradise on French silk, in blue, beige and cream colours. Price, at Debenham & Freebody, is £5 5s.

*Gay merchandise for lovers of the*

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Fashions by  
Isobel Vicomtesse  
d'Orthez

ITALIAN fashion is represented by this delightful soft-coloured outfit by Carosa of Rome. The slim dress of fine beige-coloured wool has a wide half-cummerbund in black and white spotted ribbed silk. The loosely cut coat in turquoise-coloured wool has a large pointed collar reaching out to the shoulders and very wide sleeves

IN WHITE







*John French*

HERE are some further examples of the distinguished and beautifully cut clothes designed by London couturiers and shown in their spring collections. Above is a distinctive ball dress by Michael Sherard. In black paper taffeta, the skirt is draped to one side and a long train cascades from one shoulder

*THOROUGHBREDS*



FROM Victor Stiebel comes a loose straight top-coat (above) in ginger-coloured, loosely woven tweed. Michael Sherard's slender cream jersey dress (right) has a vee-neck crossing under the bust, and is worn with a roomy double jersey coat in nut brown and cream. Hat by Marcelle



THE impeccably tailored coat in yellow and white tweed (left) by Worth epitomizes fine workmanship. Charles Creed's suit in tan and white silk and cotton fabric by Garigue (below) has rever front, cuffs and pockets alike trimmed in off-white braid. The hat is by Simone Mirman



FROM ENGLAND





ABOVE: Black raffia skilfully interwoven and a full-blown red rose go to make this gracious, romantic wide brimmed hat by Pierre Balmain



THIS amusing hat in white and black spotted linen is by Svend. Worn low on the brow it has a high curving funnel crown and wide curved brim

## Hats to crown a femme fatale

SVEND. The outsize frothy toque on the opposite page is made of white spotted tulle twisted and draped to make a hat as light and airy as a feather or a snowflake. Its shape suggests an adaptation of the popular turban theme

BALMAIN. The luscious helmet (below) is made of delicate full blown pink silk roses; it has a spider's web eye veil of fine wide mesh. This was one of the most enchantingly pretty hats shown in the Paris collections this year









Relang

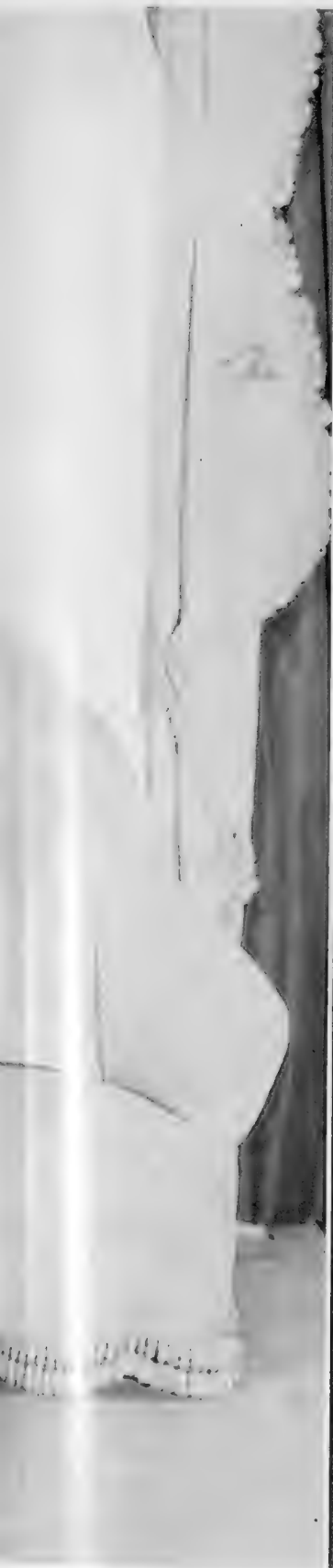
CAPUCCI of Rome designed the enchanting evening dress above, ideal for a young girl making her debut. In blue and green striped wild silk, it has a square neck and short sleeves; the high waisted line is emphasized by crisp bows of green striped material placed at each side

SIMONETTA brings a bizarre note to the Italian collections with this strapless short evening dress in azure blue shantung. Swathed tightly under the bust, the skirt balloons out from a bow to give a pumpkin effect. The fullness is drawn to the back and caught behind the knees



Relang

*From the Mediterranean to the Emerald Isle*



SYBIL CONNOLLY'S dinner dress (right) is aptly called "Simplicity." It is in pale blue grey gossamer-pleated Irish linen, skilfully and delicately used to mould the figure. The dress has a vee-neck, short sleeves and deeply pleated skirt; a white stole is worn to complement the grey

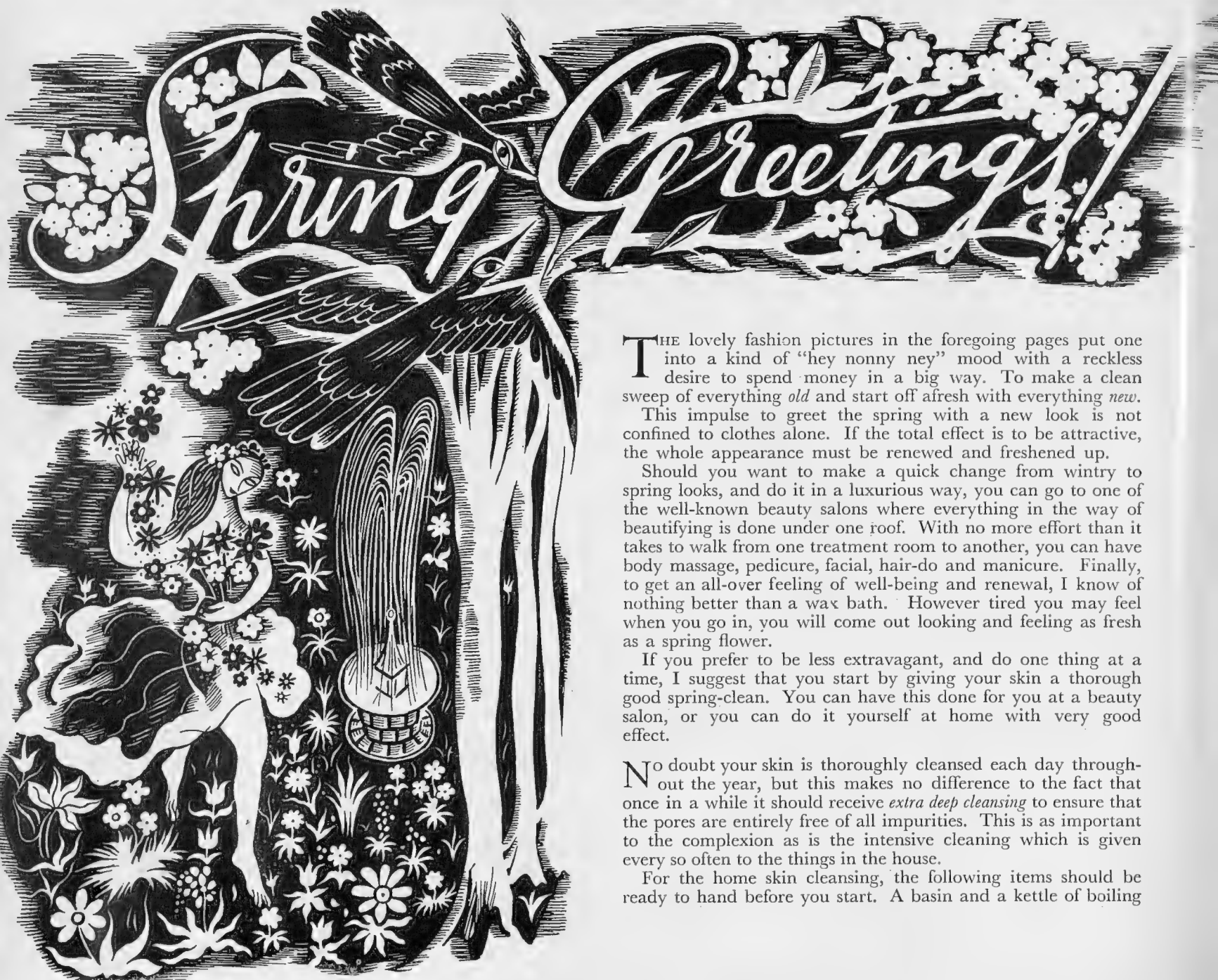
Douglas Grundy



THIS HAIR-  
STYLE has been  
specially created  
by Dumas, of 23a  
Albemarle Street,  
to flatter the  
wearer of the new  
season's enchant-  
ingly pretty hats



John C. Anderson



THE lovely fashion pictures in the foregoing pages put one into a kind of "hey nonny ney" mood with a reckless desire to spend money in a big way. To make a clean sweep of everything *old* and start off afresh with everything *new*.

This impulse to greet the spring with a new look is not confined to clothes alone. If the total effect is to be attractive, the whole appearance must be renewed and freshened up.

Should you want to make a quick change from wintry to spring looks, and do it in a luxurious way, you can go to one of the well-known beauty salons where everything in the way of beautifying is done under one roof. With no more effort than it takes to walk from one treatment room to another, you can have body massage, pedicure, facial, hair-do and manicure. Finally, to get an all-over feeling of well-being and renewal, I know of nothing better than a wax bath. However tired you may feel when you go in, you will come out looking and feeling as fresh as a spring flower.

If you prefer to be less extravagant, and do one thing at a time, I suggest that you start by giving your skin a thorough good spring-clean. You can have this done for you at a beauty salon, or you can do it yourself at home with very good effect.

NO doubt your skin is thoroughly cleansed each day throughout the year, but this makes no difference to the fact that once in a while it should receive *extra deep cleansing* to ensure that the pores are entirely free of all impurities. This is as important to the complexion as is the intensive cleaning which is given every so often to the things in the house.

For the home skin cleansing, the following items should be ready to hand before you start. A basin and a kettle of boiling



water, cleansing cream, a bland creamy complexion soap, a little brush with softish fine bristles (a shaving brush will do excellently), a bottle of skin tonic, skin food, cotton-wool, ice cubes from the 'fridge, and a saucer.

The method—as they say in cooking—is as follows. Clean the skin with cleansing cream, then, having wiped off the cream, hold the face over a basin of boiling water. Cover the head with a towel so that the steam can open the pores. After a few minutes, pour a little hot water into the wash basin, mix with cold water until it is just comfortably warm, then make a good lather of soap, and, using the shaving brush, thoroughly “shampoo” the skin, going round and round all over the face, and working the soap well in.

RINSE well, then pour a little skin tonic into the saucer, put in a cube of ice, and soak a pad of cotton-wool in the cold liquid. The wool can be wrapped round a face patten or made into a firm egg-shaped wad with which to pat the face briskly (not roughly) until it is gently glowing.

The next step in this treatment is a good massage with skin food. When the face is well coated with the cream, take a large pad of cotton-wool soaked in the cold skin tonic, and place one on each cheek, one on the forehead, and one under the chin. Secure them with a piece of lint bandage, passed under the chin and tied on top of the head. Then take an ice cube, and rub it all over the top of the wool, until the cold seeps gently through. Never place ice directly on to the skin itself as this is far too great a shock, and is apt to damage the little blood vessels, and cause red veins.

FOR the final stage of this grand spring clean, wipe off the skin food, go over the face with a damp pad of cotton-wool to ensure removal of all grease, then proceed with the make-up. If you are going out to an evening party, I suggest using a liquid foundation—unless your skin is extra dry, in which case a cream one is better—because this gives a fine chiffony finish. A delicate translucent look can be had by using a soft pink rouge, and two shades of powder, a slightly deeper one first, and then a lighter one, with a hint of pink in it, on top.

A treatment such as I have described may sound a long business on paper, but in reality it can be done within an hour, and believe me, in the interests of maintaining a young and lovely complexion, it is an hour *well spent*.

—Jean Cleland





## Motoring

# SAFE "SAFETY" HELMETS

Oliver Stewart

THE nursemaid complex is strong in all British Governments, no matter what the party. But who would have thought that the day would come when a government would regulate and control people's hats! That is what has now happened. The Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation has laid down what constitutes an approved crash hat for motor cyclists and has indicated that it will be an offence, punishable by law, to offer for sale any hat that fails to conform to the official standard.

It has been known for a long time that a well designed crash hat may give useful protection to a motor cyclist in an accident. This knowledge was the outcome of racing, especially the T.T. events. Moreover, racing established the general specification for the kind of helmet which would give the most protection. All this work was done long before any government became interested in the subject. The dome shaped helmet, without peak, with certain special protective arrangements inside for the top of the skull, was devised, tested and worn in races long ago.

I do not suggest that it is not a good thing to encourage motor cyclists to wear helmets of an efficient design; but I do believe that it is one of those things which finally are much better left to the judgment and good sense of individuals. And remember that the "approved" crash hat will now become standardized; and *that* means that if some inventor comes along with an entirely new kind, it will never get a chance to prove its worth.

A WONDERFUL piece of writing has been circulated by the British Road Federation. It is an article which appeared in an American newspaper, contributed by a correspondent in Britain, and it satirized the official attitude in this country towards motoring and motor cars. It emphasized the priggishness of the division between "pleasure" motoring—a thing nobody ought to be allowed to indulge in—and business motoring, which may be permitted within narrow limits and provided only that the trains and buses are always kept overcrowded.

The period of fuel shortage has tended to underline the defects in our national approach to motoring; but it is greatly to be hoped that a more liberal and more modern view will be taken when petrol comes back in quantity and is no longer subject to rationing.

It was, perhaps, a pity that the first big Silverstone meeting of the year had to be abandoned. When it was announced that

fuel for motor race meetings would be made available, the time left for organization was judged to be too short. Although I regret it, I think the decision was wise. Certainty of having everything ready would have been impossible, and a badly run meeting, with poor entries, would have done harm to motor sport.

Furthermore, in May there is the Mille Miglia—unaffected by fuel rationing either for competitors or spectators—and there is also the start of the Paris aero show. These events tend to draw out of the country many of those who would otherwise go to Silverstone.

But in view of the official statement that fuel will be available for the big motor race meetings, it looks as if the programme during the latter part of the season will be adhered to in full. So we may still see that long-awaited, major race, when British cars will be in the winning class.

JAGUAR's fire was a deplorable event; but the way the company fought back and started an improvised production line within hours of the disaster was typical. Races here and on the Continent have shown that Jaguar are not easily defeated. At this particular moment the Jaguar exports are more than ever important to the country's economy and it would have been a severe setback if a long time had passed before production was again under way.

It seems that home customers may have to wait longer for delivery, but that export customers will find only small delays. That, however, is not to minimize the seriousness of this fire. I hope that it may be possible to pin down the cause so that steps may be taken to exclude a recurrence in that factory or a similar event in any other factory.

THE Automobile Association's recent scheme for giving air navigational markings to its roadside telephone boxes deserves a welcome. The markings will give the number of the A.A. box and will be shown on the ground in letters five feet long. The first box to be so marked is number 55, at Puttenham cross roads, on the Hog's Back, near Guildford.

The A.A. has always appreciated the importance of maintaining a close touch between aviation and motoring. The two working together can do a great deal of good and their combined political power is so much greater than when they work alone.



THE VICTOR (right) is Vauxhall's new four-cylinder, 1½-litre, four-seater saloon costing £728 17s. (p.t. included). Above is the driving position of the Victor Super showing the dished steering wheel with semi-circular horn push







**Crawley-Boevey—Coelingh.** Mr. T. M. B. Crawley-Boevey, elder son of Sir Lance and Lady Crawley-Boevey, of Flaxley Abbey, Glos, married Mevrouw Laura Coelingh, daughter of de Heer and Mevrouw Coelingh-van der Eijken, of Wassenaar, Holland, at Flaxley

## RECENTLY MARRIED



**Marchini—Moreton.** The marriage has recently been announced between Dr. Paolo Marchini, of Quebec City, Canada, son of Commendatore and Signora Marchini, to Miss Ann Moreton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Moreton, of Donne Place, London, S.W.3, at St. Mary's, Chelsea



**Berry—Branston.** Lt.-Cdr. Peter Cushing Berry, R.C.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis William Berry, of Ottawa, has married Miss Anne Leonie Branston, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Branston, of Greystones, Garnett Lane, Tadcaster, Yorks, at St. Mary's Church, Tadcaster

**Sandford—Dunn.** Mr. Jeremy Sandford, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Sandford, of Eye Manor, Leominster, married Miss Nell Dunn, daughter of Sir Philip Dunn, Bt., of Stowell Park, Marlborough, and of Lady Mary Campbell, Great Bedwyn, at St. Patrick's, Soho Square

Ian Graham



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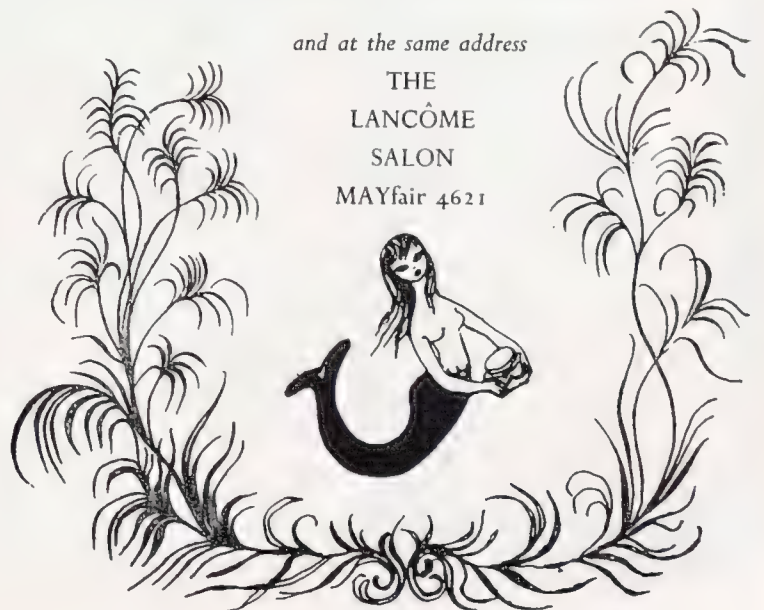
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MR. AND MRS. WALTER TICKLER and their children, Ian and Valerie. A photograph taken recently at Reid's Hotel in Madeira

## DINING OUT

# Three fine feasts

PEOPLE with original ideas for dinners appear to be on the increase. Take, for example, the committee responsible for the Third Annual Dinner and Ball of the Southern Licensed Residential Hotels and Restaurants Association which was held recently at the Polygon at Southampton. "Lavish" is, I think, the word that best describes the manner in which the whole affair was conducted.

The main dish was breast and wings of roast pheasant served on celery with whole French beans tossed in butter and baked small shaped potatoes, each dish being decorated with the bird in full plumage, a very fine sight. It was given the honour of being piped into the ballroom where the dinner was held.

The sweet, *Ballet de Lac aux Cygnes*, consisted of individual ballet girls made of ice cream and swans of meringue swimming on a lake.

To add to the general excitement each speaker was heralded by a fanfare of trumpets from the Corps of Marines.

ANOTHER memorable dinner was that given by the directors of the Imperial Hotel at Torquay to celebrate the opening of the new marine sun deck lounge and the completely refurbished ballroom adjoining it. Two hundred and thirty people sat down to dinner in the Marine Restaurant which was all "soft lights and sweet music," and William True, the *maître chef de cuisine*, produced the sort of meal that we expect from him. It was absolutely first-class, the local smoked salmon being quite an experience. It included Fillet of Dover Sole "Marina," very much a "speciality of the house," breast and wing of chicken Maryland, Amandine potatoes and butter mint flavoured peas; pineapple ice "Imperial" and Devonshire sweetmeats with Grand Fine Champagne Cognac, liqueurs and coffee.

After this feast everybody trooped off into the ballroom, and the curtains were pulled revealing a magnificent view over Tor Bay.

FINALLY, to cap the lot, came an astonishing affair at the White Hart at Lewes which they described as "A Georgian Dinner" given by the Sussex Wine and Food Society from the pages of *The Cook's Paradise*, a book written by William Verral and printed in 1759 when he was Master of the White Hart Inn. As an innkeeper, he was definitely very much ahead of his time as far as cooking was concerned.

The present-day Master of the White Hart, Robert Lamdin, was in the chair, and the menu was fabulous, with some very remarkable wines.

There is no room, I am afraid, to describe each dish in detail, but we might as well have a go at the recipe for the pheasant exactly as it was written two hundred years ago: "Provide a large pheasant, cut off the pinions as to roast, and with the liver make such a forcemeat as you have seen set down before, put it into your pheasant, and spit it, with some lards of bacon and paper, take care you roast it nicely, and prepare your sauce as follows; take some fat livers of turkeys or fowls, blanch them till thoroughly done, and pound 'em to a paste, put to some gravy and cullis, mix it well together, and pass it through an etamine; cut off the flesh of the pheasant, slice it very thin and put to it, and preserve the carcass hot; add to your sauce, which should be about the thickness of your cullis, a little pepper, salt, some minced parsley, and the juice of two or three oranges; and if you approve on't you may strip a few morsels of the orange-peel in, and serve it up with the hash poured over the breast and garnish with some oranges in quarters."

—I. Bickerstaff

*It's simpler than you think to give a*

# Continental Party

*says Marguerite Petre*



Entertaining is no fun when you haven't the time to do full justice to yourself as a hostess. So next time you invite some friends around to dinner, why not follow the advice of Lady Petre. Surprise them with a Continental Party. Continental food—say, Sweet and Sour Wheel for that main course—a bottle of wine to go with it, and those little extras around the room to give your party that Continental atmosphere. This kind of party can be quite simple to prepare, and the cost can be quite modest.

## THAT CONTINENTAL TOUCH

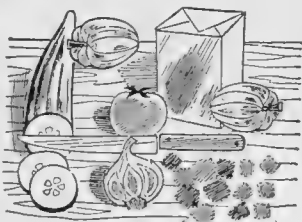
Like soup for instance. Soup served with buttered toast makes a piquant beginning to most meals. And with Sweet and Sour Wheel for your main course, what could make a better chance than Maggi Jardinière or Pea with Smoked Ham. Both are really wonderful and, like all Maggi Soups, they have that Continental flavour to perfection. This is because Maggi Soups are made from exclusive Continental recipes that thrill even the most jaded palates. For this reason you will find that Maggi Soups are one of the best kept secrets of many distinguished chefs all over Europe.



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You can choose from ten varieties of Maggi Soup, and each one is dis-

tinctive, deliciously distinctive from any other soup you have ever tasted. And there's something else about Maggi Soups — they are so simple to



prepare. You get six ample servings by just adding the contents of a 1/6d. packet to boiling water (if you have some to spare, try a dash of white wine), bring to the boil and simmer for some minutes. Voilà — all the natural goodness, all the natural flavour that normally comes after six to seven hours slow simmering captured and ready to serve in a matter of minutes, as only Maggi knows how! That leaves more time for the other courses!

## SWEET AND SOUR WHEEL

Here is a dish that adds spice and enjoyment to many a Continental

dinner table. The recipe is simple and by no means frightening for the busy hostess. You will need:—

- 1/2 cucumber
- 4 squat red and green peppers
- 1/2 lb. veal and pork cut into small squares
- 1 box Maggi onion or mushroom soup
- 1 clove of garlic
- 1/2 pt. vinegar
- 1 peeled sliced tomato
- 4 heaped tablesp. cooked peas
- 6 dessertsp. sugar

Make the Maggi onion soup as directed on packet, using 1/2 pint of water only. Dip pieces of pork and veal in the soup, drain and fry in deep fat. Add vinegar to the rest of the onion soup with a clove of garlic (if liked), the tomato slices, sugar and peas. Cut the top off each pepper, remove the pulp and warm in the oven. Pour some sweet and sour sauce into each pepper cup and place in the centre of a hot plate. Surround the edge of the plate with over-lapping slices of cucumber dipped in lemon juice or vinegar. Place the fried pieces of veal and pork on cocktail sticks, radiating them from the pepper in the centre like spokes of a wheel. Serve with

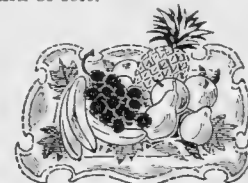
savoury rice and garnish with slivers of brown almonds or with a salad.

## YOUR WINE LIST

A white wine seems to be called for here — and with so many good and inexpensive bottles on the market, the hostess will soon find one that fits her mood, her palate, her purse. White French Wines offer a wonderful selection — a Château Carbonnieux (Graves) or a Château Climens (Barsac) or a Pouilly Fuissé and a Chablis (both Burgundies).

## FOR THE TABLE

Table decoration can make all the difference to your dinner party. Arrange an unusual shaped picture frame as a centrepiece, and cover glass with a coloured or dark piece of felt. Set with fruits and leaves or rings or posies of flowers so that the effect is thrown up by the background of felt.



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Attractively illustrated, this book is full of exciting suggestions that make a Continental Evening no problem in England at all. There are Maggi ideas for savouries and garnishes, for main meals, light luncheons, after-theatre and television parties. And a host of invaluable tips on wines and table decoration has also been compiled to give your parties a delightfully authentic note, to make them a 'succès fou'.







Photograph from 'SPAIN' by Martin Hurlimann, published by Thames and Hudson.

## Castle in SPAIN

If you've dreamed of Fair Castille, of Aragon and Andalusia and Navarre, if you've ever wanted to watch a bullfight "just once," if ancient castles and cathedrals and palaces fascinate you—why, it's not just a dream, it's there for the taking! In Spain spotless hotels welcome you, courtesy is almost law, food is wonderful, nights are long and flower-scented, wine flows like water. In Spain you'll spend lavishly, yet you'll return with a Traveller's Cheque or two unharmed—and with memories beyond price.



This year . . .  
next year . . .  
sometime . . .  
ever . . .



# SPAIN

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## DINING IN

### Small fowls of the air



ONCE again, as is usual at this time of year, war against wood pigeons (the "cushats" of the north) is being waged. Because these birds are a very serious menace to growing crops, organized pigeon shoots, arranged by the Ministry of Agriculture, are taking place throughout the country and supplies in shops should now be plentiful.

In an old-time publication, *The Encyclopaedia Of Practical Cookery*, I read the following notes:

Excepting for the purpose of making pies, pigeons are not much used by British cooks. To the Continental cook, next to fowls, the pigeon ranks highest as a culinary bird, being used in innumerable ways.

Wood pigeons are excellent (and inexpensive) eating, because they themselves live on the fat of the land—the tender shoots of grain and other crops. When deprived of their food, they are said to lose weight more quickly than any other bird, but they rapidly put it on again. So, as the weather improves, plenty of plump ones should be available. Choose birds with plump breasts and legs, and pinkish rather than dark claws. The feet which, even after trussing, are usually left on, are the best indication of the bird's age.

To grill a pigeon, split it down the back, beat it gently to flatten it and skewer it to keep it flat. Brush it with melted butter, then grill, first the cut side and then the other. Reduce the heat after the first few minutes and finish the cooking more gently. Season with freshly milled pepper and salt. At the same time grill tomatoes and large mushrooms.

A pigeon pudding or pigeons in casserole will, perhaps, be better ways of using older birds. For a pudding for four, quarter two pigeons. Cut off the backbones and necks and put them in a pan with a *bouquet garni* and pepper and salt to taste. Cover with cold water and simmer to make stock. Add four to six ounces of diced stewing steak to the quartered pigeons and their livers, turn all over and over in a tablespoon or so of red wine, then leave them to rest in it for an hour. Drain, then toss in a dessertspoon of well seasoned flour with a pinch of mace in it.

Thinly line a pudding basin with suet pastry. Turn the meats into it and add cold water almost to come through. Add a pastry "lid" and pinch it well to the lining. Cover with buttered paper, stand on a trivet in a pan of boiling water reaching half-way up the basin and steam, covered, for 2½ to 3 hours. Replenish the gravy in the pudding with the strained, well-flavoured stock.

FOR pigeons in casserole (four servings), cut two plump pigeons in half. Into each cavity fit a skinned full-size sausage. Coat by dipping in seasoned flour, then fry very lightly in butter and a teaspoon of olive oil to prevent it burning. Pack into a small casserole, sausage sides up.

Add to the frying-pan a finely chopped shallot, a finely chopped clove of garlic, if liked, and a tablespoon of flour and brown them a little. Next, add a dessertspoon of tomato purée and cook for a few minutes. Now add a sliced large mushroom and its stalk and enough water almost to come through the pigeons when poured over them. Turn this mixture into the casserole, place butter paper down on the pigeons, put on the lid and cook gently for an hour and a quarter in a moderately slow oven (350 degs. F. or gas mark 3 to 4).

An increase in the demand for wood pigeons will considerably help the present shooting campaign. At the moment of writing, I do not know the price the birds will cost, but I can tell you that, a year ago, in a London market street, wood pigeons were available at a shilling each! I cannot think of any better "buy." I am bound to tell you, however, that, at that price, the birds were neither plucked nor trussed.

—Helen Burke

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## *Martin Douglas says*

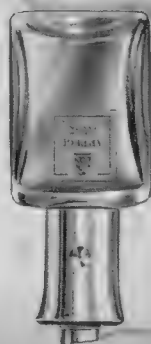
that fashion will look down its nose  
in the months to come. Yours will be a  
noble head. If the tiara fits,  
says Martin Douglas, you can wear it.

*Incidentally, the London address of Martin Douglas is  
30 Davies Street, W.1, on Mayfair 8776/7, and the  
address in Leeds is Headrow House, The Headrow. The  
telephone number is Leeds 33322.*



Photograph by John Cole

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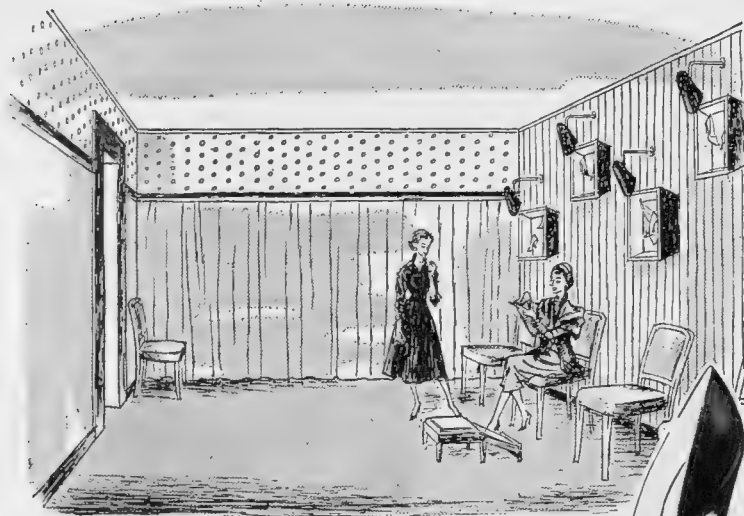
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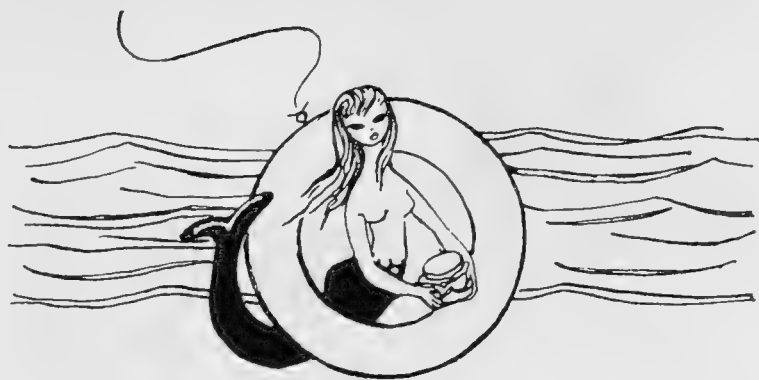


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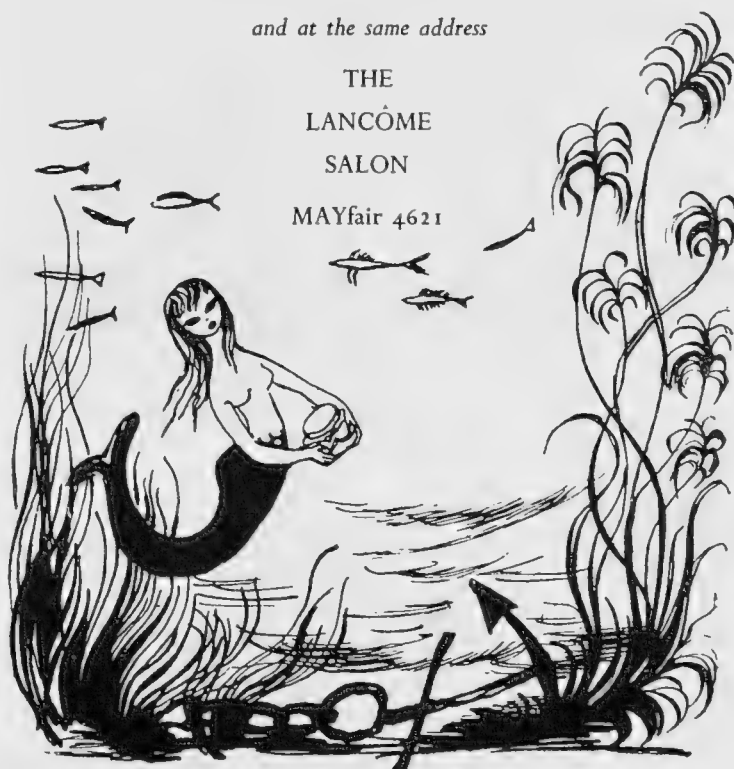
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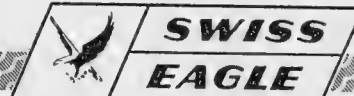
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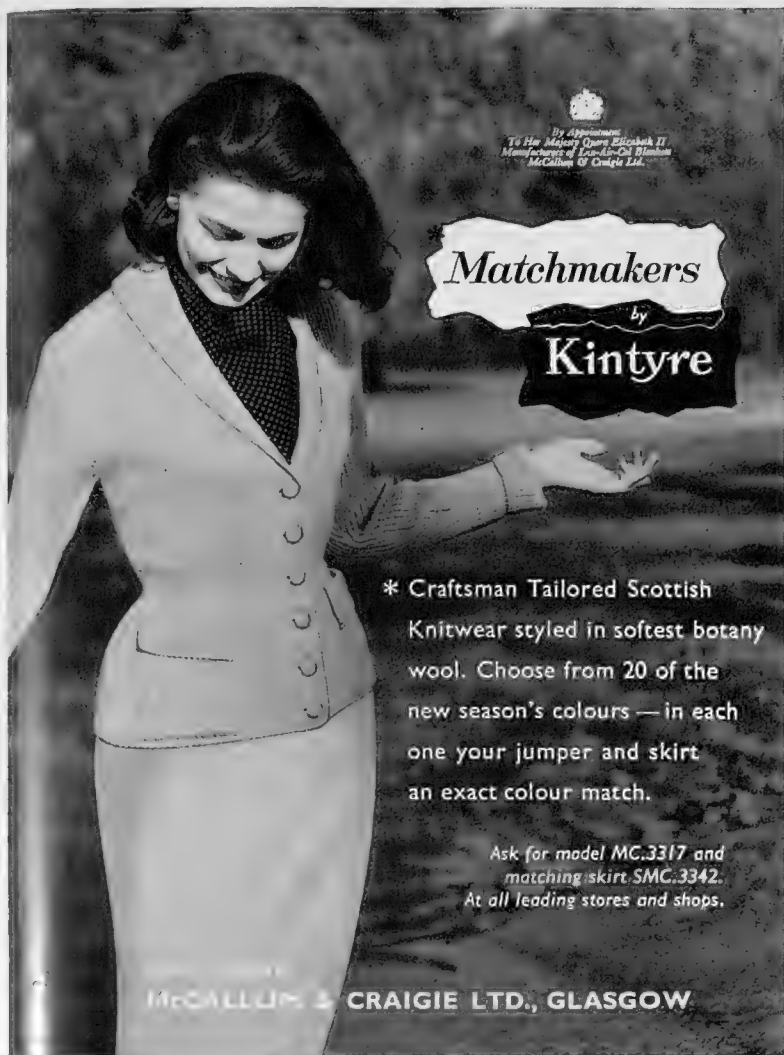
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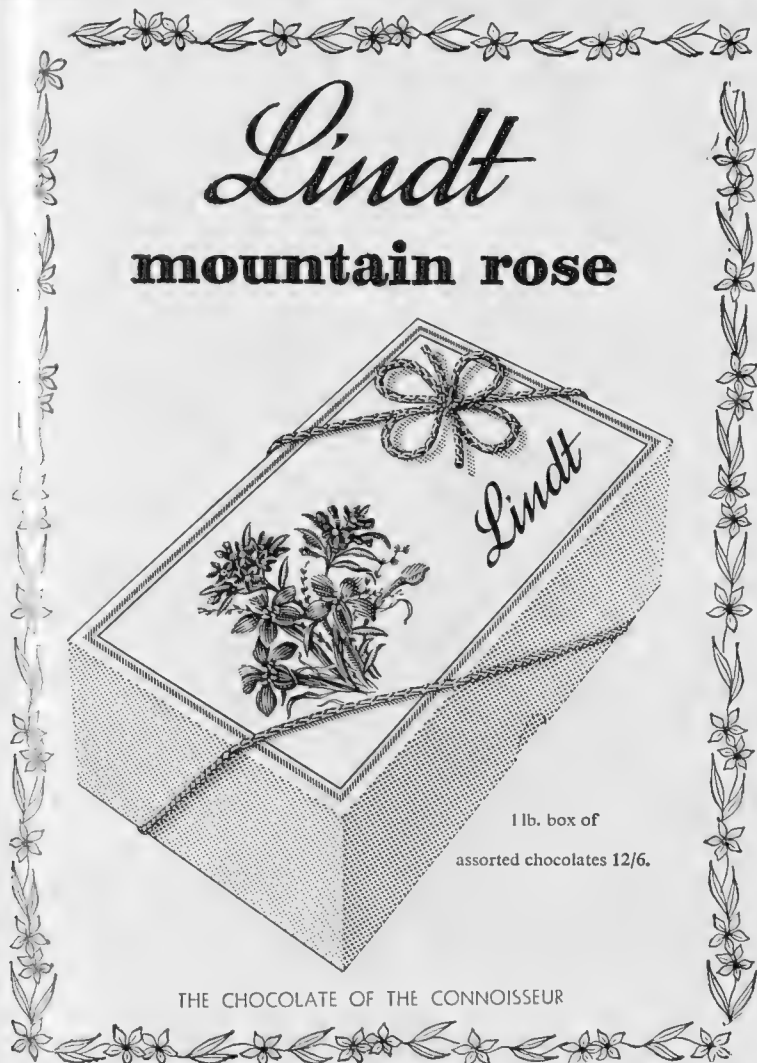
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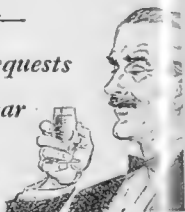
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# They take it seriously in Japan

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

Tea-drinking in Japan began, according to earliest known record, in A.D. 729. It is believed to have been introduced into Japan by Buddhist priests who had studied in China. In 1453, Yoshimasa, Shogun of that time (equivalent to the modern prime minister), founded the rituals of Chanoyu, the Tea Ceremony. Developed by Senno-Rikyu, founder of the School of Senke, this provides an atmosphere of serenity for spiritual and moral training.

In the Tea Ceremony, guests enter by low doors. Following certain rigid rituals, the host puts powdered green tea into his most precious bowl, adds water boiled on his charcoal brazier, and whips it up with a bamboo whisk (like a shaving brush) until it resembles a frothy pea soup. The bowl is passed to each guest in turn, starting with the principal one.

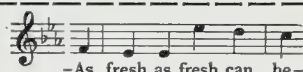
Interesting—but we Westerners like free-and-easiness with our tea, and a good cup of clear bright tea at that!



(With grateful acknowledgement of the help given by Mr. Kanazawa, Press Attaché of the Japanese Embassy)

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## A Guinness Guide to Steak on the Menu

**D**O YOU KNOW the cuts of steak? These brief descriptions may help. **FILLET STEAK**, the best cut, comes from the undercut of the sirloin, also known as the tenderloin. **RUMP STEAK** is self-explanatory. **POINT STEAK** is the rearmost cut from the rump.

A **PORTERHOUSE STEAK** is any complete cut of steak, before it is divided into individual portions. A **CHATEAUBRIAND** is a 'joint' of steak, 3 or more inches thick. **TOURNEDOS** are smallish, roundish, thickish pieces of fillet steak, sometimes called **FILETS MIGNONS**.

**SOME FAMOUS STEAKS.** Some of the ways of cooking and serving steak, and their culinary names, are set out here.

**TOURNEDOS CHASSEUR** are pan fried and rolled in a sauce made with mushrooms, shallots, chervil, white wine and tomato purée.

**TOURNEDOS DAUPHINOISE** are grilled and served on croutons with mushroom sauce. **TOURNEDOS BEARNAISE** is served with a sauce made with fresh tarragon and chervil, wine and egg yolks. **STEAK DIANE** is beaten out thin and flared with brandy before frying.

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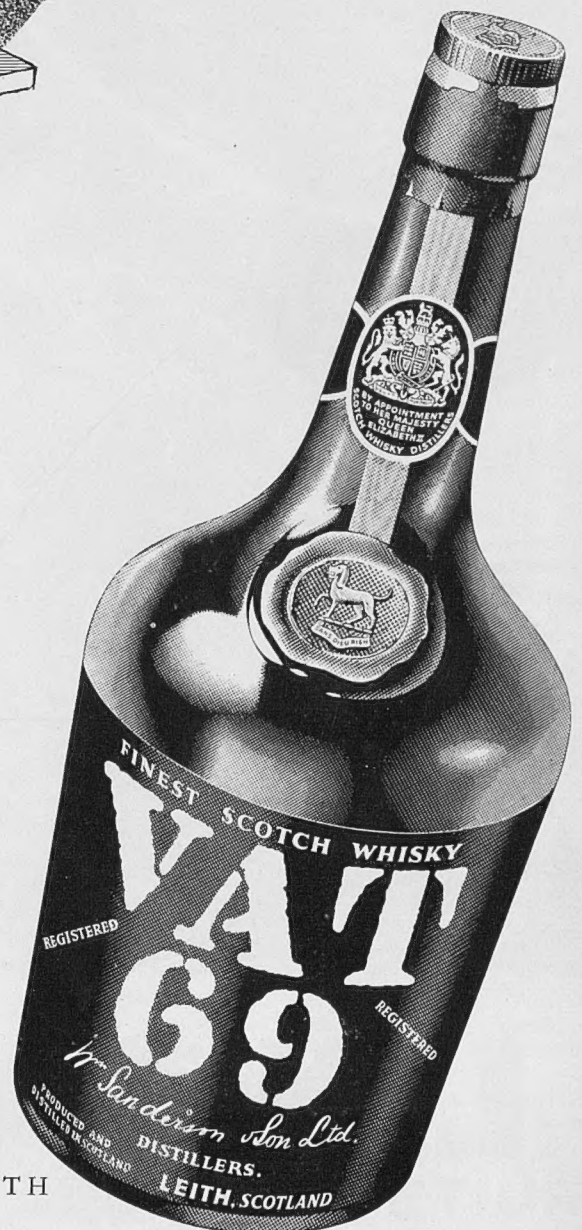
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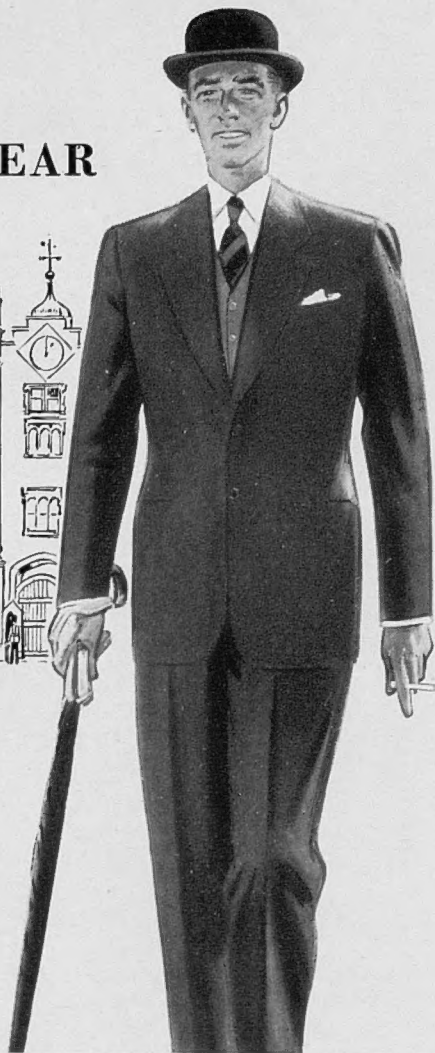
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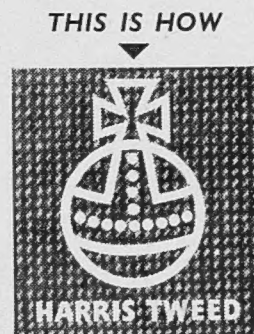
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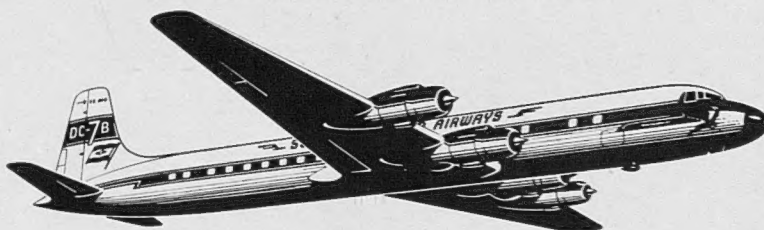
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